THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

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THE INDEPENDENT.

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EDITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The editors of this journal are LEONARD BACON, and JOSEPH P. THOMPSON. The immediate Editorial supervision is committed to Mr. Thompson.

The Editors will be aided, also, in their consultations by the Rev. R. S. STORRS, JUN.; who will continue to contribute to the literary and other departments of the paper, over his own signature, (S.)

The Assistant Editor is Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT.

Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., (C.) and Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, (✻) are enlisted as stated contributors.

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ALBANY CORRESPONDENT.

ALBANY, Friday, Jan. 30, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your readers who feel an interest in the questions which arise out of the Fugitive-Slave law, will scarcely have forgotten the rescue at Syracuse, from the hands of the United States marshal, of an alleged fugitive, named Jerry, on the 1st of October last; and they will no doubt be generally aware that numerous arrests and indictments have been the consequences of that transaction. The government, however, has learned wisdom from the humiliating defeat which it recently sustained in Pennsylvania; and neither the man who seized the skirt of the marshal's coat, nor he who shut off the gas, is charged with the crime of *treason* —the indictments are for misdemeanors. These indictments have come up for trial in the U. S. District Court here, the past week. It will be remembered that the law above-mentioned imposes a fine of not more than $1,000, together with an imprisonment of not more than six months, as the penalty of any violent obstruction of its operation. As this is the first instance in which it has been attempted to enforce these provisions within the limits of this State, you will not be surprised to learn that the prosecutions have attracted a considerable share of public attention, and have awakened a deep anxiety in the minds of those whose sympathies are active in behalf of freedom.

The prosecution was conducted before his Honor Judge Conckling, by the District Attorney, who had called to his aid a gentleman who to his acknowledged ability and high influence, added the qualification of having formerly served with reputation in that office, John C. Spencer, Esq., of Utica. The defense was intrusted to several gentlemen of ability from the interior of the State, among whom Mr. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, and Judge Nye, of Madison county, were prominent. The contest commenced by a motion of the defendants to quash the indictments, on the ground of alleged irregularities in the method by which they were obtained. This motion, which was supported by the affidavits of several respectable names detailing the improprieties charged, seemed to take the prosecution quite by surprise; and a day was lost in demanding and obtaining copies of these papers. The questions involved were then argued at much length by four gentlemen upon the one side, and two upon the other; and it was not until the eighth day of the session that the argument was concluded, in respect to this preliminary motion.

The points raised in opposition to the validity of the indictments were numerous, and for the most part somewhat minute and technical; yet covering, as technicalities often do, grave questions of the purity of judicial proceedings. No formal *venire*, or decree to summon a grand jury, had been issued by the Judge, or demanded by the District Attorney, or recorded by the clerk: the drawing of the names of the jurors from the box had lacked the formal aid of the requisite officer; the parties drawn had not all been formally summoned by the Deputy Marshal, and it happened that the two names which he had thus omitted to summon were known as earnest free-soilers, out of which circumstance arose a suspicion of fraudulent design; the witnesses had not been properly sworn, to testify in each case in respect to which they testified; the son of the District Attorney had been present as his assistant to witness the proceedings, and the witnesses, instead of being examined, had been sworn to the correctness of affidavits previously prepared by the District Attorney, and read to them in the presence of the Jury.

On the other hand, it was stoutly denied that there was even any irregularity in these proceedings; and the insinuation of fraud was indignantly repelled. It was affirmed that the methods adopted in this instance were the customary methods, except, perhaps, the reading of affidavits to the Jury, which had been adopted merely to save time in the examination of the numerous witnesses. The grand jurors, too, had all been notified, though not formally summoned. In short it was earnestly contended that there was no informality which should vitiate the proceedings.

On the whole, it appeared that there was little ground for any suspicion of a criminal design. The informalities seemed to have resulted from a somewhat hasty and careless observance of the common and prescribed forms. Yet obviously some principles of moment were involved in the objections. The neglect to swear the witnesses against each particular one of the parties whom their testimony implicated, was intimated by Judge C. himself to be a somewhat serious objection; while the reading of affidavits to the witnesses, instead of drawing out their own statements of facts, was pronounced a startling irregularity, and one which would afford a dangerous precedent: and the attendance of another party who was not an officer of the court, nor sworn to secrecy, was shown to afford facilities for influencing the grand jury, or for conveying information to persons who might be accused.

After six days of elaborate argument the parties rested, and Judge Conckling gave notice that he should require a further delay of two days in order to make up his opinion; and public curiosity waited somewhat impatiently for the result. His decision was announced this morning to an expectant audience. It was brief, and was esteemed judicious. After referring to the act of Congress which gives jurisdiction to the District Court in all cases not capital, he pointed out a clause in it authorizing the Judge, whenever difficult questions of law should call for decision, to refer the case to the Circuit Court. As questions of much intricacy and importance were involved in the argument before him, he deemed it best to remove the matter to that tribunal. It will then be decided by the District and Circuit Judges together; and a suggestion being offered to that effect, a new argument of the case was ordered before that court. It will therefore be reargued with additional zeal and learning: and with the advantage of the Judge's distinct decision, that none of the points raised are frivolous, or obviously untenable, while some very grave questions depend upon the decision.

The Circuit Court is to meet, I am informed, at Canandaigua, in June next, hence the decision involves some six months of delay, and will be tried in one of our intelligent rural districts which are not eaten up by a zeal for the commercial and political interests that clamor for the sacrifice of *all* the institutions of freedom, to the one peculiar institution of slavery.

This contest affords another illustration of the impolicy of laws which seek to make up by summary proceedings and stringent penalties, for their want of conformity to the moral sentiments of the people among whom they are to operate. It was well understood by the framers of this enactment that it would have to encounter the opposition of a large and earnest class of influential men in the North; and that such opposition rested upon, and appealed to, the deepest and dearest convictions of themselves and of the community in which the law was to take effect. To make amends for the want of support, and the active hostility which such a law must necessarily encounter, it was armed at every point with severe penalties. All earnest sympathy with the wretched fugitive was denounced as a crime: to render any aid to his efforts to escape is treason to the country; to give him warning of the presence of his pursuer is "an iniquity to be punished by the judges."

And what is the result of this blind folly which denounces the sentiments of humanity that lie deep and spread wide through the whole society of the North? What but the very natural result that the alleged criminal shelters himself under the multitude of legal forms, and makes a defense of which no ingenuity of oppression can deprive him. He contests every inch of the ground—demands every formality of the law, and finds men with warm hearts that stand by him in the prisoners' box—counsel that freely and enthusiastically defend him. If convicted he is a hero, who braved the dungeon from a generous impulse for the freedom of another: and if acquitted, as he is almost sure to be, the government reaps both the odium of the attempt, and the ignominy of its failure.

It was interesting to witness the expressions of feeling on the part of the audience as the trial advanced. While some earnest Anti-Slavery men within the bar, and many colored spectators at the rear of the court-room, watched the proceedings with eager interest, a large number of spectators were assembled who belonged to a class that seldom listen to Anti-Slavery discussions in places of any other kind. Laboring men in their common dress, mechanics, the various parties from the county and the city, whom business had summoned to the place in which the court held its session, made up for a time the changing auditory. And as some pointed thrust at the frivolous charges which this enactment accepts for accusations of crime, or some keen retort in reply to assertions of the power and determination of the President and the government, or some glowing eulogy upon the institutions that now so long in our own and our mother country have guarded the homes and rights of freemen, and must still be preserved for the generations that are to follow us, met the ears and went to the hearts of *the people*, again and again did their subdued applause betray the sympathies of their bosoms. It was not enough for our sage government that this subject should be discussed in the pulpit and the religious press—in the reports and speeches of Anti-Slavery societies; this agitation must stop: and so the discussion is carried to the bar and the bench—the jury-room and the court-room. It was not enough that the wrongs and oppressions of the far-off systems of slavery should cry out to humanity for relief: but prosecutions and arrests, and fines and imprisonments, must be imported here into the free North, and every utterance and every act of humane sympathy must be stigmatized as only less than treason, that *new* classes of the people might learn to be indignant at new forms of this comprehensive, and expansive, and insatiable wrong of slavery. After having given *this* community lessons of attachment to the institutions of freedom, the matter is now removed to *another*, to stimulate whatever love of liberty may be found there. If, as the historian of England observes, "he does not deserve the name of a statesman who strikes a great blow without calculating the effect of the rebound," what shall we say of the statesmanship of those who could frame, and advocate "to the fullest extent," and officially sanction and promulgate this bill of abominations, which has added such fuel to the flame they were so eager to extinguish?

One or two other topics call for notice, but I must reserve them.

Yours, HOLLAND.

For the Independent.

VERMONT STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The annual meeting of the State Temperance Society of Vermont was held at St. Johnsbury, on the 21st and 22nd inst. An unusually large number of delegates were in attendance, and all the proceedings were interesting in the highest degree. It was anticipated that the "Maine Liquor Law" would be the principal subject of discussion, and a desire to learn its practical workings from those who had seen them and participated in them, brought to the Convention a great many warm friends of the cause. In reference to this law, and the desirableness of a similar law in Vermont, but one opinion was expressed. It appeared from the reports made by delegates from nearly every county in the State, that notwithstanding the prohibitory law enacted in 1850, the sale of spirituous liquors was still kept up to an alarming extent. Strenuous efforts have indeed been made in many places, but the inefficiency of prosecuting officers, the difficulty of procuring testimony, and other similar causes have greatly obstructed the execution of the law. The almost universal wish was expressed that a law more stringent in its provisions and at the same time more easy to be enforced, should be procured as soon as possible. Dr. Charles Jewett of Massachusetts, and Rev. Dr. Clements of Topsham, Me., both of whom were familiar with the Maine Law and its practical workings, rendered frequent assistance to the Convention in its deliberations. Many of the best minds which Vermont has produced were also active in thought and expression. Hon. Thomas E. Powers, speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives, occupied the chair during the sessions of the Convention, and was chosen President of the Society for 1852. Other gentlemen distinguished in political life took an active part in the discussions which were elicited by the resolutions. Rev. Dr. Labaree, President of Middlebury College, was chairman of the Committee of Overtures. Among the more important of the resolutions adopted were the following:—

Resolved, That the general principles of the Maine Law for the suppression of drinking-houses and tippling-shops, the simplicity of its provisions, the certainty and stringency of its penalties, the refusal to recognize intoxicating drinks as property, and especially their confiscation and destruction when offered for sale, commend themselves to our approbation as promising an efficient means of suppressing the traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

Resolved, That a thorough and efficient organization of County and Town Temperance Societies, desirable at all times, is called for in an especial manner at the *present time*, marked so signally by the recent legislation of the State of Maine, as a new and hopeful *era* in the history of Temperance progress.

Resolved, That the Central Committee of this Society be requested to issue, as soon as may be, to the Vice Presidents of the various counties, a circular calling their attention to this subject, urgently requesting them to call Conventions in their several counties for the purpose of perfecting a system of practical and thorough organization in each town of the county, and of urging the friends of temperance to contribute liberally of their means and personal exertions, not only to further the progress of reform in their own vicinity, but by the bestowal of funds to furnish the Central Committee with those *sinews of war* which the present crisis requires.

In pursuance of one of the above resolutions, a committee, of which Hon. William C. Kitteredge was chairman, was appointed to draft a law, with the Maine Law as its basis; and the *sinews of war* to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars were raised on the spot, or pledged by responsible persons. The friends of temperance are full of courage and determination, and strenuous efforts will undoubtedly be made during the coming year to secure a law which shall be more effectual in suppressing the traffic in intoxicating liquors than the present law of Vermont has proved itself to be.

P. H. W.

BRATTLEBORO', Vt, Jan. 26, 1852.

DESTITUTIONS IN CALIFORNIA—THE MINING POPULATION, &c.

CENTERVILLE, *Grass Valley*, Nevada Co., Cal. Dec. 30, 1851.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My last was addressed you from "Panama, Oct. 1st." My passage from that place on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's *extra* steamer was rather long—twenty-five and a half days—though the same was accomplished in fourteen days by the *mail* steamship "Tennessee." Much sickness prevailed on board our ship, and but for the skillful and timely exertions of Dr. Carmen, surgeon of the Constitution for that trip, many deaths would have occurred. All my family were attacked with the fever which yielded immediately to the remedies prescribed for us, though it left us weak, and chills succeeded it on our arrival at San Francisco, where we were detained by sickness for four weeks.

This latter circumstance, added to the repeated *calls for help* in this region rather than in Oregon, induced me to decide to remain here, in which choice I received the hearty approval of Christian brethren of all denominations. My friends of the Presbytery of San Francisco (N. S.) at their meeting in November, which I was enabled to attend, were specially anxious to make known the prominent claims of California at present, not only upon the A. H. M. Society, but upon the ministry generally, for more laborers for this particular field. And in this, I am satisfied, after the fullest reflection, they are quite correct.

With a population of about 275,000, and these mostly adults, in this State, there are scarcely over a dozen evangelical preachers of our denomination, including Congregationalists and Presbyterians, of whom one is an editor and another a teacher. In Oregon, with a population of not over 30,000, there are not less than six or eight preachers of the same connection, and those in other connections are proportionably numerous I do not think Oregon is, by any means, too well supplied, but California is certainly not well enough.

A mistaken idea, it seems to me, has extensively pervaded the church, and not less the ministry in the older States, with regard to the *permanence* of interests in this State. Men of business have some time since come to think rightly on the subject: and one of them shrewdly remarked to me a few days ago—an operator in quartz mining, and the oldest one here—that "in six months this business [quartz mining] will be entirely *out of the woods*, and will then be thought one of the finest kinds of business. Our mill has *earned* the past year, clear of expenses, $100,000 to enable us to enter into other interests to that amount." I use his words to show his mode of thought, the extent of capital invested here, and proof of the *permanence* of affairs in this country at the present time. Quartz mills are already becoming as numerous in Nevada Co. as flouring mills are in the richest wheat-growing counties of the Eastern States. Not less than twenty tons of quartz are crushed in these mills per day, yielding at least $50 per ton, and I believe the truth will bear me out in estimates much above these, and this is an amount of business which is likely to continue as long as the mountains, ribbed by the auriferous flint-stone, shall stand.

In moral concerns we are not altogether negligetful, and yet we are far behind what destitutions in our midst require. Rev. Mr. Warren of our connection has done much in Nevada within eight months past. A church has been built, which is weekly filled by large audiences, and is furnished with a fine bell. Around these appear to cluster all the home affections of a large portion of those who reside in the mountain-city of *Nevada*. Your correspondent has, as you are aware, but recently come to this neighborhood, which was altogether unknown to the public till about a year ago. Most of the families, of whom we have a large number, came hither much later than that. Everything around us is new, and rapidly developing the elements of permanent prosperity. Seventeen quartz, and two sawmills, are already erected within the limits of my circuit of four miles in diameter, which includes a permanent population, I should suppose, of not less than 2,000.

These people are from all the States of the Union, and from Europe and Asia, as is usual in this country, but a preponderancy claim New York or New England as their fatherland. These last are the men who build and work the mills, and for the most part they too are the principal owners of the same. Some few of these men have with them their families, or some expect them; others will do so ere long.

Thus is growing up a mining factory village and neighborhood. My efforts thus far have been to become acquainted with these people and their neighbors, to collect them together to hear a sermon in a private dwelling, to establish a prayer-meeting, a Sunday-school, and Bible and a day-school taught by a member of my own household. We are thus awaiting the cessation of the rains, which have this year been nearly equal to those of '49, when "in the spring" we hope to build a house of worship, organize a society and church, and if desirable, instal the pastor.

In speaking as above, of our immediate vicinity, I would by no means be unmindful of other destitutions such as this county presented not a year since, and which call aloud for prompt supply. As one dollar with you counts *five* with us, so is it in respect to time;—*a year is as five*. We want men now: not young unmarried men, nor yet old cast-away ones; but let us henceforth have those with families in all cases. They gather around them attractions, and possess advantages single ones can never attain unto: and the state of society here demands all the experience of mankind which is needed anywhere.

I would recommend to all such as come, to take the *Isthmus* (Panama) route, and keep on the *mail* steamers on this side. These ought to, and probably soon will, run *every week*, from either port, New York or San Francisco. On the journey much good can be done by pious and prudent men, and the officers of the ships, though usually men of the world, will be found to be *gentlemen*, and should be treated as such. Tracts are eagerly read by passengers after the voyage has been for some time continued. Parties ought to take "stores for the Isthmus" in all cases. These will last as far as Gorgona in a box, well put up, and benefit the sick or the needy as well as yourselves. No supplies can be as well obtained on the Isthmus as in New York.

OBSERVER.

For the Independent.

ECONOMY IN BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Last week we started the inquiry whether the American Bible, Tract, and Sunday-school Societies could not profitably be merged into one grand Society for the purpose of printing and circulating the Bible and other religious books. One argument urged was the immense savings, as then only one set of secretaries and agents would be required to do the same work that now demands three sets.

This argument will illustrate itself by a few facts from the printed reports of the Societies.

The American Bible Society employs thirty agents, two secretaries, one general agent, one depositary, four clerks, in all thirty-eight persons. The salaries and expenses of these, including the delegates to auxiliaries, amounts to $40,450 85.

The American Sunday-school Union have "nine agents employed in promoting the cause of Sunday-schools generally, and in collecting funds," whose salaries and expenses amount to $10,669 03. They have also "127 missionaries employed in organizing Sunday-schools and otherwise promoting the Sunday-school cause," whose salaries and expenses are $11,657 49. In addition the report says, "Salaries in Philadelphia Depository, $886 77." This I suppose includes the secretaries, depositary and clerks; making the total for expenses, $31,213 29.

The American Tract Society have twenty-one general agents "for raising funds and awakening an interest in the spiritual wants of the destitute," whose salaries and expenses amount to $13,046 57. They also report twenty persons as secretaries, assistants, clerks, &c., whose salaries are $13,978 34. In addition there is the "services of 569 colporteurs and superintendents," whose salaries and expenses amount to $64,359 58. Thus requiring for the salaries and expenses of all the secretaries, agents, clerks, and colporteurs, $91,384 49.

The sum of the whole is as follows:

Am. Bible Society has 38 men costing		$40,450 85
Am. Sunday school do. 136	" "	31,213 29
Am. Tract Society has 610	" "	91,384 49
Making in all,	784	$163,048 63

This mercantile statement forces upon us the inquiry, is it necessary to expend annually $163,048 63, in order to do the work of printing and circulating the Bible and religious books, and of organizing Sabbath-schools? Has not the American Tract Society alone a force in the field (610 living men) sufficient to do all the work? Why then have two other regiments to parade over the same ground for the same general object?

If these three Societies were united into one, the real estate of the Bible Society might be sold for some $85,000, and the proceeds funded for the circulation of the Bible. And the real estate of the Sunday-school Union might also be sold for some $75,000, and funded for the forwarding of the objects for which the money was given. Then the only real estate needed would be the present spacious and very valuable property of the American Tract Society, which would be found ample for doing the whole work. There may be some minor difficulties, but these could all be adjusted by committees appointed by the respected Societies. I would respectfully commend this matter to the serious attention of the three Societies engaged in the publishing department of benevolent action, as the times demand economy both on men and in money.

A MEMBER.

FROM OUR IOWA CORRESPONDENT.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Dec. 29, 1851.

To the Editors of the Independent:

GENTLEMEN:—A few words more touching the relations of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism in the work of Home Missions, and I have done with the subject for the present. And allow me to say first, that I subscribe heartily to the general principle set forth in your editorial article, in *The Independent* of Dec. 4, entitled "*Non-intervention*." It *is* a doctrine of Congregationalism that every community of Christians has the right to determine its own church polity; nor have I, for one, ever sought to interfere with that right. In all the changes that have occurred in this region from Presbyterianism to Congregationalism, I have had no agency, unless it was to a limited extent in the case of my own church many years ago, for which such good and sufficient reasons existed that there was scarcely a dissenting voice among the members. Of the only three churches that I ever organized, one was formed on the Presbyterian system, in accordance with the vote of a majority, and it remains Presbyterian to this day. There are cases in which I should say it would be wiser to form a Presbyterian than a Congregational church, not because the former would be better in itself, but because a majority of the members would prefer it. Still, I do not by any means subscribe to the *theory* so extensively advocated by Congregationalists, and frequently by N. S. Presbyterians, *but rarely if ever* ACTED *upon at the West by the latter*, viz: that the difference between the two systems of polity, Congregational and Presbyterian, is *unimportant*. On the contrary, as I suggested in a previous letter, the genius of the two is entirely different, and their influence respectively on the formation of character and the development of the resources of the churches is by no means equal. The reason of this will be apparent to any one who will candidly investigate their principles, and *experience* has demonstrated that it is so. That Congregationalism is more scriptural is admitted by many Presbyterians, as well as by learned men of other denominations (see Prof. Schaafs' article in a late number of the *Methodist* Quarterly,) and by the most eminent ecclesiastical historians, as Neander, &c. That it is scriptural then is a strong argument for its expediency with all who are not "wise in their own conceits," and is a reason why it should be propagated.

But aside from the scripture argument, Congregationalism is more in harmony with the spirit of our political institutions, and better adapted to our country than any other. It also trains men to *self-government* as no other system does, a fact important in itself, and in its bearings on the success and permanency of our republican form of civil government. It promotes intelligence in all the members by requiring of all to share the responsibility of church action, and it tends to the development of the resources of the churches, as no other system does. For these reasons I think it should be propagated, and believe *Christ would have it extended* by all proper means and in a Christian spirit. New England is a standing illustration of the legitimate influence of Congregationalism in all the respects I have specified. Where are the members of churches so universally intelligent in regard to ecclesiastical matters? Where is there developed more energy and enterprise and where is more contributed pecuniarily for the promotion of the objects of benevolence and Christian philanthropy? The Congregationalists of one single small State in New England have contributed almost as much annually, for the world's salvation, as the whole vast body of Methodists or Baptists or O. S. Presbyterians in the United States. In England too the Independents occupy a high position in regard to intelligence, liberality and activity in benevolent effort.

Every other system but the Congregational contemplates a government of power, instead of a moral influence; every other, the control of the many by the few, instead of the self-control of the whole body. Other systems train the masses to cast off responsibility upon the leaders and rulers, and to depend on them to think and plan and direct, instead of requiring every man to share in the thinking, planning and direction of the affairs of the church and in the employment of the resources of the body to which he belongs. And the result is practically, what it is in civil communities where corresponding forms of government prevail. The influence of polity is plainly apparent in those trained under the different systems both political and religious, as every careful observer knows who has had the means of comparison.

With these views I cannot but desire and labor for the spread of Congregationalism *as the best means of promoting the cause of Christ, and the welfare of man*; and I cannot but witness with pain the absorption of Congregational resources to so great an extent by another denomination, and their employment in the extension of a system radically different, to the prejudice of our own. In consequence of this, there are large sections of the land where Congregationalism ought to have been planted and ought now to be bringing forth glorious fruits, where it has scarcely a local habitation or a name. I confess my astonishment at the indifference and apathy of Congregationalists on this subject. Is it true that the form of church polity is unimportant in its bearings on the prosperity of churches and the advancement of Christ's cause? Have those who say so, given attention to the philosophy of the subject? Have they thoroughly investigated the influence of *polity* on the formation of character and the development of the resources of the churches, in the light of reason and experience? Or have they not rather *taken it for granted* that the matter *is* unimportant, never having reflected seriously upon it, and never having been placed in circumstances where the contrast has been *practically* exhibited? It is not unfrequent that persons assert the "comparative valuelessness" of systems of church government and in the same breath admit that they have never thoroughly investigated the subject. I meet such persons often. A few days ago I received a letter from a prominent clergyman, and the occupant of a high position in a literary institution, who said that in 1838 he was ordained by a Presbytery, "with scarce a thought about ecclesiastical polity," and it was not till some time after when an important trial came on, and he was compelled to examine the subject, that he found he was a Congregationalist, and he has since joined an Association. I also know a church in which nearly every member is a Congregationalist, but which exists under the Presbyterian form, in which no one realized the difference in the two systems of polity, because nothing occurred to call attention to it, until the *practical* working of Presbyterianism was made apparent and the principles of the system were developed in a case adapted to bring them to light, when all saw and felt that there is a total dissimilarity and that Congregational principles are by no means valueless; and the result will doubtless be a change of government. Jesus Christ surely knew human nature and how to form his churches so as best to accomplish the objects of Christian organization; and he made the churches independent and democratic in their government, and for a great and wise end; and if men had not been wise above that which is written, we should have seen that end accomplished to a far greater extent than it has been. As it is, we may see if we will study the genius of Congregationalism and the philosophy of its operations, how it is *adapted* to secure great and important ends in the respects before referred to: and we may further see in history how it *has* operated to secure them. Witness the primitive churches, Independency in England now and in the days of the Puritans; and the churches of New England from their foundation till this day.

What but the polity of the churches produced the energy, decision, intelligence, independence, public spirit, enlarged benevolence, and active Christian enterprise that have always distinguished New England? No where else have all these characteristics been so developed, even in people of the same stock, under a different ecclesiastical system. Under no other civil and ecclesiastical polity could they have been developed—and the civil was the result of the ecclesiastical system. Compare, if you will, those trained under any other polity *exclusively*, and show me, if you can, such results.

Now then, I ask, is it manifesting a proper regard to the interests of Christ's kingdom or is it just to Congregationalism to allow a system of missionary operations to continue that diverts the resources of that denomination to another and allows another system to be propagated to its own prejudice? That this is the operation of the present partnership in Home Missions no one can deny; and the result is, that even the friends of Congregationalism abroad are astounded at the result without understanding the cause. They see that Congregationalism does not spread as it ought to do according to our theory, in this country, and they are led even to suspect there is in it, in its present form, some radical defect, and are casting about for something to be engrafted upon it akin to that which they suppose renders other systems more efficient. This appears from a letter from the English Correspondent of the *Puritan Recorder*, published in that paper of Nov. 6th. He is a decided Congregationalist. He says, and I commend his remarks to those who advocate the "masterly inactivity" policy on the part of Congregationalists: "The Congregational churches, *just now*, are not expansive: we are neither visibly strengthening our strong points, nor multiplying them, nor extending our boundaries." For this he ascribes as one cause a "flagging of zeal for the diffusion of Gospel truth,"—"a torpidity or quietude, a sort of *deliquium* in the full vigor of the churches such as has occurred under every form of polity." He then remarks:

"Added to the spiritual cause, there is a fault of discernment or sagacity. We have got,—we are sure we have got, the truth and right on certain matters. We admire and love our peculiar tenets and institutions. We do not doubt their ultimate adoption by the Church of God generally. But *we trust too much to their own self-evident excellence—their power to commend themselves.* We do not plan, and work, and persevere, in order to lead to their adoption. Now it is too much to demand for our principles that they will, of themselves, without the aid of our commendation, of favoring circumstances, inviting opportunities, force men to think of their worth and admit their claims. The Gospel itself has not been left to this way of propagation. How much less any of its parts? We must, therefore, send out men, open places of worship, foster and support weak interests, and not only bring our principles to men's doors,—but we must exhibit them *under the charm and commendation of the value we set upon them ourselves, and the zeal which they awaken in us to disseminate them.*

"Now, of this error in judgment with which Dr. C. charges us, we are really guilty. It is a very ingenuous mistake, rather partaking of nobility than otherwise; it is, however, a sort of boyish sanguineness; the experience of life, the knowledge of the world, should modify and correct it. Men are not so wide-awake in search of truth as they ought, or we wish them to be. And this confidence in the aggressive power of truth is apt to degenerate into indolence and unfaithfulness—insinuating vices, which every wise man will guard against."

He then goes on to suggest that there is perhaps a defect in our system in the want of *organic* union which shall give efficiency, but in which I do not agree with him, and says if our churches will not submit to something that shall make them more efficient in propagating the Gospel in connection with our system,

"They may proclaim truths, but they cannot have the honor of carrying them into general adoption. They may break up soil, but others will come in and cultivate it *and gather the fruits.* They may plant the Gospel in a country, *but others will fill that country with religious institutions.* These things deserve to be thought of. If our principles are capable of indefinite expansion, let us demonstrate it; if not, let us confess it and boast no more."

He concludes as follows:

"The statistics of Congregationalism in your country, as exhibited in Dr. Baird's speech, and referred to in Dr. Campbell's remarks upon Dr. B.'s speech, I do not feel myself competent to remark on. I should like to hear an American Congregationalist's explanation of the fact, that *our* churches are not multiplying in proportion to others. *If this be the fact*—why is it? There is no prejudice against the polity as in Scotland. Is it the case that *organization* on the part of Presbyterians is getting the better of a simpler, more popular, and preferred policy, *because it is left without the aid of that vigorous organization which it needs and consistently admits of?* or what is it?

"I admit that where the principles of communion, and the doctrinal belief, and the practice of spiritual fellowship are substantially the same in different denominations, that it seems a petty matter to contend for a polity. This may explain, in a measure, the alleged fact. But why, in a country of republicans, proverbially fond of free government, why should the growth be on the side of a Presbyterian oligarchy rather than on the side of Congregationalism?"

Here comes out the secret cause of the little interest manifested by Congregationalists in propagating their own system. "*It* SEEMS," says the writer, "*a petty matter to contend for a polity.*" But things often *seem* different from what they really are. Presbyterians encourage this idea among Congregationalists, that polity is "a petty matter," but *never* do they exemplify their belief of it *in practice*. Whatever may be *said*, or whatever others may think, *I know* that *Presbyterians* deem polity to be far, far enough from "a petty matter," and their course of proceeding proves it. But the writer of the above extracts is altogether mistaken as to the expansive force of the Congregational system in this country. It would *seem* to be as he assumes that it is, merely judging by statistics, but as in other cases the appearance and the reality are at variance. It is well known that no denomination does as much in proportion to numbers for the spread of the Gospel as the Congregational, in the United States. *But the main increase of churches in the Home Missionary work is in the direction of Presbyterianism and goes to swell the statistics of that denomination,* rather than our own. Rev. Mr. Coe condensed the facts before the Assembly as follows, and I wish all Congregationalists were familiar with them, who suppose that they are extending their own system in connection with the present Home Missionary operations:

"Three-fifths of the funds (employed in home missions) come from New England and the same is true of men employed in the field. By the present plan we (Presbyterians) enjoy the strength and talent of New England colleges and seminaries." [New England also, to a great extent, endows Presbyterian colleges and seminaries.]

"He said that the President, Treasurer, Auditor, and two Secretaries of that society were Presbyterians. In the Executive Committee, in whom resides all the power, ten are Presbyterians, and four Congregationalists. Of the District Boards of agency in the western fields, seven out of nine have Presbyterian majorities, and Presbyterian agents. Out of New England, there are seven hundred and fifty missionaries, and the great majority of these are employed in building Presbyterian churches. Then as to results,—in Western and Central New York, there are about six hundred churches, a large portion of which were planted by New Englanders, and of New England emigrants; all but sixty of them have been aided by the Society, and four hundred and twenty-one of these are enrolled with the Presbyterians. In Ohio there are three hundred churches; all but twenty of which have been aided by the Society, and two hundred and forty of them are enrolled as Presbyterians. In Michigan the same general proportions obtain. In Indiana one hundred and thirty churches, aided by the Society, are enrolled as Presbyterians, and only four are Congregational. In Illinois a like state of things exists. In Iowa and Wisconsin, the proportion of Congregational churches is larger. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Missouri, all the churches aided by the Society are Presbyterian. This description covers the whole field, out of New England."

Now if church polity be not "a petty matter" as it is demonstrable that it is not, in its influence, is it wise, is it right, is it in accordance with the will of Christ to maintain a partnership that produces the above results?

Respectfully yours, J. C. H.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLAND, Jan. 9, 1852.

The feeble condition of the ministry,—the revenue accounts,—the antagonism between labor and capital, shown in a contest beginning between the most skilled of English mechanics and their employers, the machine-makers,—deplorable news from the Cape of Good Hope,—and a fearful catastrophe, the destruction by fire of a new steam vessel, the first of a noble fleet preparing for the West India mail service,—form the principal topics of the week. The Amazon left Southampton the 2d, amidst congratulations and acclamations; her appointments and arrangements complete and beautiful, and the machinery was of the most colossal dimensions. Her course was St. Thomas, Santa Martha, Carthagena, Chagres, and finally Greytown: the total number of souls embarked was 155. Two days after leaving port a fire broke out, which in twenty minutes utterly destroyed the vessel, passengers and crew, with the exception of a remnant of 21 persons, who escaped in one of the boats, and were picked up twelve hours after the catastrophe. The steward and a midshipman are among the saved; but as yet no evidence showing the causes of this great calamity has been produced. It is stated that there were boats adequate to rescue the whole of the crew and passengers; but the suddenness and great extent of the fire, the heaviness of the weather, and the terror of the people, combined to prevent the resources being made available. It is also said, that a lark, at present unknown, which might have delivered so many souls from a dreadful death, passed on her course regardless. There were 1,000 tons of coals on board; and spontaneous combustion originating in these is supposed to have been the cause of the calamity.

The revenue accounts are satisfactory, though there is a deficiency of half a million in the year; to be accounted for by the remission of the window and other taxes,—withal there is a surplus of nearly four millions. The most remarkable items in this return are those which show the increase in the revenue from the Post-office. Against the *net* produce of the year ended 5th Jan., 1851, that of the year now ended stands thus:

January 5, 1851,	- -	£820,000
January 5, 1852,	- -	£1,064,000

That is to say, over a million sterling of profit after paying all the charges of the department, and the pensions and grants with which the Post-office revenue is burdened.

Age and infirmity press upon several members of the Cabinet from which Lord Palmerston is withdrawn; and it has become a question, whether Lord John Russell will be able to meet Parliament in the approaching session. The old aristocratical whigs are dying out and leaving no successors. Again a combination, to include Sir James Graham, the Duke of Newcastle (late Lord Lincoln), and Mr. Gladstone, is spoken of: but this is incompatible with the introduction by Lord John Russell as chief, of a new Reform bill, to which he stands pledged. Circumstances would seem to indicate the necessity of falling back upon such men as Mr. Milnor Gibson, Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hume, for support; but the time is not yet, for Lord John Russell will to the last cling to the practice of governing by members of certain aristocratic families, which has obtained ever since the era of the "glorious revolution."

The contest with the aborigines at the Cape continues, and has been accompanied with disaster and defeat, which can only be regretted by those whose motto is, 'our country right or wrong.' Beyond question the Kaffirs have been wronged. There has been greediness of territory and lust of power; and military rather than civil feeling has ruled in the minds of colonial governors at the Cape as elsewhere. Now that the large surplus is being frittered away by this war, and the demand for more and yet more soldiers is heard, there is a probability that public opinion will be enlightened and be expressed in Parliament. All "too late," the draft of a Constitution has been sent to the Cape, which is approved by the people, who desire that it may be adopted as it stands; but with the customary infelicity of the Colonial office, the existing no-government at the Cape is empowered to revise and report upon the proposed instrument of Government.

The question between the operative machinists and their employers is important in itself, and as foreshadowing what will be the great European question of the next age. The men require two things: first the discontinuance of "systematic overtime," and that, except in extraordinary cases, the day's work should be ten hours: secondly, that "piece work" should be discontinued. The masters have entered into a compact to resist these requirements, engaging to close their manufactories simultaneously. The men have behaved exceeding well: they have appealed to the public and proposed arbitration, but the employers are unwilling to yield so much. The men number 30,000, their labor involving a still larger number of dependent and collateral laborers. Political economists of a certain school come with their "wise saws," and present their "eleventh commandment" touching labor and its market; but the day of these philosophers has passed; they would have had labor almost continuous in mines and factories, and denounced ruin as the penalty of interfering with the labor market. Men ask now, If ten hours of the most skilled laborer in the world—labor directed to the production of the great wealth-creating powers—if ten hours of such labor is not sufficient. Why not? Again, it is asked, Why, by "systematic overtime," should three men do the work of four while the fourth stands idle? Again, why should a man be set to compete *against himself* by piece-work, have his powers tasked and stimulated to the utmost, and then the rate of wages be determined for him? Again, it is asked, is the millenium to be characterized by "cheap labor?" is labor, skilled or otherwise, to be made next to worthless? is it to be all production and no distribution of commodities? and are wealth-producing agencies, the soil and perfected machinery, to be concentrated in the hands of a sovereign few?

These are not questions for the United States as yet: but in England and in Europe they will in a few years absorb all others.

IRELAND.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ROMANISM.—Some time since it was proposed to form a Catholic Association, which should be not merely Irish but British, its object being to counteract the anti-Papal movement. A fortnight since Mr. Henry Wilberforce, brother of the Bishop of Oxford and of the Romanizing archdeacon of the same name, was elected Secretary of

1849, was the first proposition made for declaring Hungarian independence—the complete separation of the nation from the House of Austria. My friends showed me the place where Kossuth addressed the Assembly, and described the burst of enthusiasm with which his speech in favor of declaring the national independence was received. The act was consummated with much solemnity on the 29th of April, 1849, in the great Reformed Church of Debreczin, before both houses of Parliament.

I have met some in the country, of the "Old Conservative" party, who look on that resolution of the National Assembly as a premature step, and the beginning of their misfortunes, and who say that that measure committed the people irrevocably to a war with all the Absolute Powers. It is well known that Gorgey always condemned this declaration.

I found that my friends in this institution had the same fear with regard to the Catholic influences at work in Vienna which I had heard expressed elsewhere. The ministry were seeking to introduce Catholic books, and were demanding an increased expenditure from the College which it was utterly impossible for it to afford. Of course, the whole available property of the Protestants has been very much lessened by the war, and the ministry take the very shrewd course of requiring certain great outlays of money from these institutions, on the penalty otherwise of their losing all corporative rights. If these rights are lost, no graduate of the colleges can enter a public profession, or the service of the state, until he gets a "degree" from some legal Austrian university. They all too had the same dread for the fate of the "people's schools" in that diocese. The Austrian government, they said, were determined to *Catholicize* them, if it could be done. The process was slow, but very sure. Protestant students were treated in all ways with disfavor; their own books were forbidden; their control over these schools was diminished, and Catholic teachers were often placed in them. Here as elsewhere, all meetings of the church for election were forbidden; and Austrian hirelings were set to govern it, in place of its own self-chosen officers. The fear rested gloomily on all, as I had found it in other parts of Hungary, that the Protestant religion was destined to *complete extinction*, if these measures of the Austrian government went on.

How does proof after proof meet me in this land of the mighty results which Providence has connected with its deliverance!

While I was examining the buildings of this college at Debreczin, one day, my friends proposed to me to go into one of the halls where the students were about to sing some national songs!

I followed them, and quite unexpectedly found myself in a large concert-hall, before a crowd of people, who welcomed me with *Eljens!* which made the walls ring again. At the other end of the room was a full choir of students. It appeared my friends wished to give me a little pleasant surprise, and had prepared this concert of the Hungarian national music for the purpose. The choir, composed of men and boys, was remarkably well-trained; and they evidently sang with excitement and interest unusual.

The songs were mostly of Hungary—her beauty and glory, their love and devotion to her, and, with the plaintive tone peculiar to Hungarian music, seemed darkly foreboding future calamity to her. Without doubt, the presence of one from that nation who had welcomed the Hungarian exiles, and had alone sympathized with her cause, gave a reality to their expressions of feeling, which nothing otherwise could. And, as the deep voices swelled and thrilled over the words which spoke of their "beautiful Fatherland," their love unquenchable for her, their "hopes with her to die," I felt moved, as I had never expected to be from music. I seemed to be listening to the Jews singing "the songs of Zion in a strange land." And at length, as the chorus of their favorite song,

"*Zu deinem Vaterland, bleib*
Unerschüttrlich treu!"

"To thy country remain
Unshakingly true!"

arose, and swelled, and was echoed again and again, with passionate tone and tearful eye, from every man and child in the room, it seemed to me that they, in this time of their country's gloom and misfortune, were sending forth by the stranger, to other lands, their vows of unshaken fidelity and love.

Nearly all the Hungarian airs open in a low, plaintive measure, and gradually increase in force and wildness as they go on. This plaintive tone through nearly all the Hungarian music, and even in the sound of the language, as it first strikes upon the ear of the stranger, is very remarkable. I have often sat listening, in the drawing-rooms, to the songs or the conversation, and wondered whether there was not something ominous—prophetic—of the future of the nation, in this tone of sadness so peculiar to the Hungarian. It is very strange and interesting to the traveler, everywhere in Hungary, to observe how these national songs are remembered and sung. In many places they are forbidden, but the people will sing them. I remember that in one family I heard a young lady sing one of these songs with such an extreme enthusiasm that I had apprehensions for a little while, she was becoming *insane*.

Among the airs which I heard at this concert, some of the best were connected with the most unmeaning words. There is one celebrated air, with a singularly beautiful though somewhat monotonous refrain, beginning

"*Horto Bïja Puszta!*"

where the only idea which I could find conveyed was,

"Over the prairie,
Over the prairie,
Blows the wind!"

The life on the pusztas, or prairies, and the adventures and loves of the *Czikosses*, or half-wild cattle-drivers, upon them, seemed to form one of the most favorite themes in these airs.

After the concert was over, I expressed my thanks, and turned to go out, when I found a long lane opened in the crowd, through which I passed, under vociferous *Eljens*, looking as meek as a modest man could at such an unexpected reception.

Everywhere in Debreczin I found myself very conspicuous from my black European hat. I at last said something about it to a friend—a preacher, with a somewhat humorous turn.

"You are very unfortunate," said he; "you have an official Austrian hat. Now this," taking up a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, like one of our "Californias," or the English "wide-awakes," "is a '*durchaus* Socialistischer und Democratischer'—a thoroughly Socialistic and Democratic hat—and would send me to the Austrian guard-house, if I should wear it in the streets. This however," and he raised another with a more pointed crown and a narrower brim," is merely a '*Schlecht-gesinnte Hut*,' an evil-disposed hat!"

I ought to mention here that this word "*evil-disposed*," has almost passed into a phrase in Hungary, to mean anything which is opposed to the government, and of course, in consequence, anything which the Hungarians like.

"This again," he continued, taking up a black hat, like the Kossuth hats in vogue here, "is a purely neutral hat; Hungarian, but not revolutionary. And this," handing me mine, "is a thoroughly Austrian, well-disposed, *Reactionaire* (reactionary) hat."

I was of course much amused at this analysis of hats, though it all speaks strongly, much more than more important facts, of the present condition of Hungary. C. L.

GREECE.—Mr. Arnold, of the Baptist mission, writes, Nov. 7, that he left Corfu with his family September 19th, arrived at the Piræus on the evening of the 22d, and took up his abode in Athens on the 25th. His house is in an agreeable and healthful situation, but inconveniently small. His parlor, the only room adapted to public meetings, would hardly hold the number of Greek hearers he had at Corfu, and at the expiration of the year he proposes to secure, if possible, a more convenient residence. He had Greek worship in his house for the first time on the preceding Sabbath. Nine Greeks were present, chiefly respectable young men, some of them students of the university.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 5.

NOTICE.—*All business letters should be addressed to the Publisher of the Independent, and all communications for the paper, to the Editors.* By observing the above notice, correspondents will save much inconvenience at the office.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO OUR PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

The proprietors of *The Independent*, wishing to extend its usefulness, make the following proposal to subscribers:

For $3 remitted by any *present* mail subscriber or $3 50 by any City subscriber, the publisher will credit him for one year's subscription from the expiration of his *present* term, and also send the paper by *mail* for one year to any person he may name, not already on our books; and for each additional new subscriber will allow him a commission of 50 cents. Should each subscriber take this voluntary and easy agency, and send us on an average one new subscriber our list would exceed 20,000. All clergymen and postmasters are authorized agents for this paper, and will be allowed fifty cents commission on each *new* subscriber.

In compliance with a request from the officers of the Tabernacle Church, and from other respected friends, we publish this week the funeral address pronounced at the obsequies of Mrs. Thompson, on Thursday last. While this excludes in part the variety of subjects usually touched upon in our editorial columns, we are confident that our habitual readers will demand of us, in the circumstances, no apology.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

AN ADDRESS IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1852, AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. LUCY OLIVIA THOMPSON. BY LEONARD BACON.

The presence of death makes us conscious of the presence of things unseen and eternal. Thus it is that the dwelling which death has darkened with the gloom of grief, becomes a sacred place, a place which none can enter without awe. God is there; the opening of eternity is there; the august relations of the mortal to the immortal and of the seen to the unseen, have there become palpable. If death has been vanquished—if the clay-cold sleeper sleeps in Jesus—the gloom is broken by the presence of the vanquisher who hath brought life and immortality to light. There is the Savior—there the Comforter—there the gate of heaven. There the grand revelations of the Gospel, the exceeding great and precious promises, the objects of faith, the support and strength of hope, the springs of an etherial and immortal gladness,—press on the awakened consciousness, as present and palpable realities. Beams from the upper glory penetrate the gloom. The presence of death wakens the survivors to new experiences of the riches of God's grace and of the sweetness of his consolations. From the shadow thrown over them by the wings of the angel of death, they look up with a new reach and a new clearness of spiritual vision.

"So darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Is it not thus with the darkened dwelling from which these precious relics have been borne on their way to the tomb? She whose presence there was like the light, is there no more. But God is there with the boundless mercies of his covenant; his word is there with all its wealth of promises; the living Redeemer is there with the testimony "Because I live ye shall live also;" the blessed Comforter is there; the triumphant remembrance of victory over death is there; and hopes are there that take hold upon the invisible and the infinite with a firmer grasp for all the trembling and the sadness of this day of gloom.

I need not speak to invoke your sympathy with the bereaved, or to ask your prayers for them. A daughter, the pride and joy of parents over whom the shadows of life's evening are darkening, lies before you. A sister, than whom none could be more tenderly beloved, is snatched from the dear companions of her childhood, and there lies all of her that could perish. A mother has passed away from the loving eyes and the climbing embraces of these little children; and there, cold and senseless, is the form which in years to come will glimmer like some half-seen heavenly shape among the most sacred remembrances of their earliest childhood. And here our brother, your pastor, is before you, a widowed father with his motherless children. The wife of his youth, whose loveliness and gentleness, whose intelligence and refinement, whose diligence and fidelity in every duty made his home like a paradise, on whose instinctive wisdom he leaned for counsel and guidance such as no other friend could give him, and whose humble, constant, simple, fervent faith helped him continually in his work for God and in his progress toward the heavenly rest,—has left him;—and there, in the coffin, is all that remains on earth, all that time could dim, all that death could destroy of her young beauty. He may yet see many prosperous days; again the candle of the Lord may shine upon his dwelling; these little ones may grow up to be the solace and the gladness of years that seem to him, to day, too distant to be hoped for; his activity in the work of Christ and in the service of the Church may yet be full of cheerfulness, and may bring with it, as heretofore, its own reward; but the saddening though softened remembrance of the sorrow that has now darkened his home, will never cease to attend him; and even the latest year of his life will perform its circle within the penumbra of this great eclipse.

How intense the feeling of loneliness which oppresses the heart under such a bereavement! More than ten bright years have glided away in that dear companionship. Every burthen that he has borne, every plan and purpose of his, every hope that has stimulated his labors, every joy that has quickened the pulses of his heart, every grief that has opened the fountain of his tears, has been shared with her from whom death has now parted him. Half of himself has gone. Half of the arch that bore up his life has fallen. Never before was he conscious of such loneliness. But even such loneliness may bring with it a new experience of brotherhood with Christ. He too, who is in the midst of the throne, and who yet can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, was once alone, and to-day his voice comes to us, floating over the ages, from the night in which he was was betrayed, "Alone—and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." (John xvi. 32.)

None of us are called to a trial so severe as that through which our forerunner was then passing. Yet it was a human grief which he suffered when he was left alone, a grief uncommon only in its degree. From us our friends are separated. Sometimes they fail us in our need; and those who were once so dear become estranged and hostile. Sometimes the changes of condition and employment remove them far away; and rivers, mountains, oceans, or the earth's diameter divides them from us. And oh how often does death tear asunder hearts that grew together as if they were one and had one life, and then how keen to nature is the sense of loneliness!

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end."

To the Savior, when every human friend was gone, one friend remained. "Ye shall be scattered and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." The same consolation every believer may have when friends depart and leave him to the sad sense of loneliness. He too, like his Savior, and in the spirit of his Savior, may say, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

Let us follow him in his meditations under such a calamity. Let us attempt to see what comfort and strength he can find in God's presence and company when human friends depart, whether alienated by some misunderstanding, or removed in the changes of Providence to some far-distant place, or carried away by death. The friends to whom he gave his love and trust and on whom he leaned with an unwavering sense of safety, are gone; and whither can he turn under that paralyzing sense of loneliness? Whither but to God? The Father is with him. 'God is with me,' he may say, 'in his relation to me as a *Father*. It is not simply the Omnipresence of God, but the presence of a father, that remains to me when human friends depart. I am in his family. I am under his eye. His care is over me. His love surrounds me. When I awake, I am still with him. The Father is with me—my Father, and my God.'

The believer may say too, 'The Father is with me *to do me good*. His love, his care for me, cannot be inefficient. His wisdom appoints all my changes and trials; and whatever he appoints, his grace shall be sufficient for me. He will withhold from me no good thing—nothing that is really necessary to my welfare; nay he will cause all things to work together for good to me. He by his Spirit teaches me—guides me—comforts me—strengthens me; and he will never leave me, nor forsake me.

'The Father is with me too,' the believer may say, '*as the present object of my thoughts, my affections, and my addresses*. I speak to him, and he hears me, and answers me too. I think of him in the consciousness that he is here. I love him, and I praise him, not as an absent friend, but as one who is with me, and whose willing ear listens to each stammering, lisping expression of my unworthy thankfulness. I pour into his fatherly bosom my cares, my fears, my burthens, my sorrows, my hopes, my joys. I have no journey to perform before I reach his presence; I am dependent on no messenger, not even on the swift lightning, to bear my communication; here he is, and I may commune with him continually.' God is indeed present everywhere, but the believer only can say, 'The Father is with me.'

Let us then follow a little farther the meditations of the believer under that sense of loneliness which nature feels when friends depart. 'Alone!' he says, 'has that friend gone indeed, and left me alone, in a world of sorrow? Alone! has the breath of calumny blown away from me those in whom I trusted? Alone! have those whom I counted my friends betrayed me and forsaken me? Alone!—no, I am not alone! How can I deem myself alone when God is at my right hand? "If God is nothing to me, then I am an atheist. If God is God to me—my Father and my God—then he is all in all to me,"* and how can I—while his presence remains—how can I deem myself alone?

'I am not alone; because he is with me to whom I belong in the nearest of all relations, to whom I am bound by the strongest and holiest of all ties, to whom I am devoted absolutely and forever. The friends that were once mine and now are mine no more, were indeed near to me: and how sweet was it to take counsel with them, and to give them my full confidence as if their hearts and mine could not be parted. But God the father of my spirit and the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is nearer to me than ever they were, and is bound to me, and I am bound to him, by higher, holier, stronger ties than those of any human relation. I am his, willingly his, his by a voluntary covenant, and he is mine. I have chosen him to be my God, my friend, my refuge, my portion, my all. Without him I am nothing, empty, lost, wrecked, a miserable castaway from all the light and life and bliss for which I was created. But with him, in the reclation for which he made me, and into which his grace has called me from the apostasy, I am his—his ministering spirit—his child—his heir—a partaker of his nature. And can I be alone—can I be oppressed with the sense of loneliness, when he is with me?

'I am not alone, because he is with me who loves me better, with a purer, deeper, and far more unchanging love than any other friend. Those friends, as I called them, whose love could be so easily extinguished—those friends, as they appeared to be, who in my adversity forsook me—O their love was not like the love with which the Father has loved me. The friend who loved me so well, so tenderly, so constantly, so patiently, so faithfully, until death, and whose affection looked upon me so kindly, even from the glazed and dying eye,—what was the love of such a friend, compared with the love of God my Father? Only as the symbol to the reality which it shadows forth—only as a faint, reflected sunbeam to the glorious fountain from which it flowed. The love of other friends, even the best and truest, is finite, for it is human, and transient, for it is mortal; but his love is boundless, fathomless, eternal. His love was fixed upon me before the worlds were launched upon their orbits. His love stoops from heaven to my insignificance, to my weakness, to my unworthiness and unthankfulness. His love will enfold me forever, when earth and skies shall be no more. His love—all other love is only its faint emblem. God is love; and who, by searching, can find out God? Shall I complain then, shall I despond and yield to the sense of loneliness, when I am still in the presence of God's love? Oh no! I am not alone because the Father is with me.

'I am not alone, because he is with me whose love is worth more to me than the love of all other friends. The love of friends, who are friends in truth, is indeed the richest of earthly treasures. Friends share our sorrows, and help us with our burthens. Their participation heightens our enjoyments, and our hopes are the brighter because our hopes are theirs. They minister to our wants in sickness and in health, and love makes all their ministrations doubly precious. They that are friends indeed—they, the true-hearted, stand by us when false friends forsake us, and when the treacherous and the weak join with the malignant to cast us down. But how impotent is human friendship, in comparison with the friendship of God. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us! God's love—from that comes every good. His love—I see it everywhere, swaying the scepter of Omnipotence. His love—it raises me from my lost estate; it cleanses me with atoning blood; it breathes into my ruined soul a new and heavenly life; it keeps me, holds me, guides me, fills my heart with peace and joy; and it will raise me to immortal glory. How can I be alone when God in all the power of his love is with me?

'I am not alone, because he is with me with whom I have to do in the most serious and weighty of all my concerns. I am to obtain from him, by constant intercourse and negotiation, all that concerns the welfare of my immortal nature. Daily pardon, daily strength, daily comforts, and daily progress are to be obtained by daily converse with him. Am I alone, then, when I have him to converse with? Alone—when the Father is with me?

'I am not alone, because he is with me with whom I am to live forever, and whose presence is heaven. In a little while, I shall enjoy a communion and converse with him far more intimate and perfect than I can now conceive. I shall behold him, no more through a glass darkly, but face to face; I shall be satisfied with his likeness; I shall be with him where he is, and that will be heaven. There I shall be forever. With this expectation before me, and knowing that the same God, whose presence is the eternal joy of angels, and of the spirits of the just made perfect, is with me now as my best friend, shall I complain that I am left alone when human friendships are dissolved, and mortal friends depart? No, keen as is that natural sense of loneliness, empty and desolate as all may seem to unbelief, I am not alone, because the Father is with me.'

Such is the believer's support and victory, under that which, while it is one of the most inevitable, is also one of the sorest of human sorrows. How often—in how many emergencies—does human nature need this consolation! Alone!—alone! Our nature in its weakness cannot stand alone. We must lean upon something. We must be supported by the consciousness of sympathy, of friendship, of strength and aid surrounding us. Solitude—perfect loneliness, with none to lean upon, or to share our thoughts and affections, with none to care for us, and none whom we can love or serve—such loneliness our nature shrinks from as if it were annihilation. So, with the same instinct, it shrinks from every bereavement. And he who has no friend that sticketh closer than a brother,—no friend eternal, immortal, and invisible,—no Father who remains when all other friends fail,—has no support, no sufficient refuge from the loneliness which nature feels when the ties of human affection are sundered, and the supports of mortal friendship fail,

"All that we would prop,
Or would be propp'd with, falls,—when shall the ruin stop?"

How many conflicts and burthens, with all our instinctive yearning for aid, must we encounter alone. The friend who was nearest to you, faints—falls—is gone; and you are alone. The partner of your life is torn from your side; and you are alone. The expected support of your age, the pride of your paternal heart, leaves you, and you are alone; your day declines, the shadows are lengthening and darkening around you; and you are alone. The guide of your youth, perhaps, just as you begin to feel how much you need his counsels and his aid, is gone; and you are alone—alone amid the growing fascinations and thickening dangers of life. Oh, to have a better friend—a friend who will never leave you nor forsake you! Oh, the comfort of resting upon God in bereavement, and conversing with him as friend and Father—as all in all to you forever. How is the loneliness of bereavement brightened when you can say, "And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

One scene there is before you—inevitable and near—through which you must pass with no human companionship. You may gather human friends around you who shall share with you all the changes—all the cares, fears, and sorrows of life; and when one friend fails, others may come to your aid, to fail in their turn; but you must die alone, and you must go to the judgment alone. But if you are Christ's, you shall not be alone even then. Yes, even then you shall find how true is that testimony of his, "He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." At the brink of the dark, cold river, he will meet you; and where he is, the Father is with him. As you pass over, he will be at your side walking on the billows. And when the grandeur and the splendor of eternity shall break upon your disembodied sight, he will "present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

* Baxter's Treatise on "Converse with God in Solitude"—to which the reader is referred for an ample and exquisite representation of the subject.

ICE IN THE CHURCH.

Hills covered with snow, sloping down to a valley, a river frozen over.—this is a Church backslidden and worldly. How shall it be thawed! Sometimes a rain on the hills, valley, and river, dissolve the' snow and ice everywhere at one time, and then the mightiest freshets plunge down the valley, tearing all before them, uprooting sturdy trees, sweeping bridges, and crushing dams. Sometimes the temperature of the atmosphere changes, and the south sides of banks and hills melt first, weeks first, a month first, before the tough north-side ice gets underweigh. Oh, these sheltered snow-banks, and north-side ice ledges in half-revived churches!

Sometimes a church is awakened by the conviction and conversion of men in the congregation; this is as if the snow melted on the hill tops, and ran down upon the ice in the river and melted it. But sometimes the river moves along first, and the warmth steals gradually over the valley and the frosty hill side.

We may vary the figure a little. When a church is dead, it is bridged with ice from bank to bank,—a bridge on which farmers drive their teams with great convenience. When it just begins to arouse itself, the ice is too rotten to be used, but too firm to float away. When the tide of feeling deepens, it is like the river full of ice-cakes. When God revives his people with power, the churches are swept out, the last ice-islands have floated away, and melted far down the stream, and the current flows full, deep, and irresistible. *

VARIOUS CONVICTIONS OF SIN.

Every pastor whose experience has led him to deal much and closely with the minds of men religiously awakened, has recognized the very great similarity, in some respects, of all awakenings; and the marked dissimilarity in other respects.

It is not true, because all conviction of sin is a work of God in the soul, that it is the same in all. In the exercise of his own wisdom, God deals with the human mind not only according to the natural laws of the mind, but with each mind according to the characteristics of that mind.

With all men, alike, conviction of sin is the result of a comparison of their life with some Rule or Law. But in the case of one class of men that law is *conscience*. Everything is regarded simply in the light of justice. Such persons have usually an exceedingly pungent and searching experience. The soul is deeply stirred. The sense of *ill-desert* becomes oppressive. Agitation, alarm, and often exquisite anguish precede that rest which at last dawns upon them through a right apprehension of Christ's love and forgiveness. In such cases the sense of *Forgiveness* is emphatic. It is not escape merely, it is not principally sympathy with God;—it is a strong sense of *forgiveness*.

Another class of persons manifest a deep sense of *personal degradation* in their past wrong doing. While the element of conscience is manifestly present; while they acutely feel the ingratitude of their lives toward God, yet there is an overwhelming sense of shame and regret at self-degradation. And the joy of conversion, while it has many elements like the former case, has a sense of redemption, not from danger, but from impurity and unholiness.

In another class of persons there seems to be a law of affection by which they judge their guilt. The love and goodness of God solicit their attention. The want of love on their part, their gross indifference seem to fill the thought. It is a distress to them that they should have lived under the providence of a God so good, of a Savior so tender and gracious, without reciprocal love, and obedience springing from love. Grief and wounded affection characterize their conviction. *Reconciliation* is the joy of their conversion.

It is important to discriminate these and other, many other shades of difference in inquiring minds, because our assistance should always be in analogy with the way that God is leading a soul. A person quite convinced of sin and of his need of Christ, often hesitates because he has not experienced *such* a conviction of sin as he has heard recited by others. One man has never been vehemently distressed at all. He has perceived his sinful character and life, he has shrunk from it, he has determined to turn from it and to live in the life of a disciple; he perceives the excellency of Christ, he is melted when his praises are sung, he cannot help going out to God in the ardent prayers of his loving people;—yet he dare not quite trust, because he is waiting for *conviction*. He has a pattern in his mind to which he supposes all experience must conform; and thus many are thrown back, or are left for a long time in darkness and doubt. When persons are extremely sensitive, and liable to mental exhaustions by means of over excitement, such delays are perilous as a matter of bodily and mental health, as well as for spiritual reasons.

It has been our practice to press the soul with the truth of the Gospel, on every side; hold up Christ and the true life of a Christian; ransack the character to set it in contact with God, and by all means to quicken the religious sensibility and develop a *sense of want* in the soul. Then, when coming into personal contact, our first effort is to find out *by what way* the Lord is leading such a soul, and to cooperate in that direction. We have always found a *practical use* of the truth of God's sovereignty to be eminently beneficial. He leads each soul in the way that pleases him, some he quickens through fear, some through conscience, some through benevolence, some through affection, and some through all of them combined.

Nothing can be less wise than to deal with men as if they were alike, or the steps of their minds alike, and nothing can be more perplexing to religiously thoughtful persons than to allow them to copy each other or borrow each other's experiences. *

PATCH-WORK.

Self-righteousness is a thing much more common than known, and much more talked about than understood. It wears the garb of goodness, often of self-denial, and imposes as a form of holiness that which is a mere counterfeit put on to hide from our own and others' view the corruptions of our fallen nature.

It is a great system of *patch-work*. It is well described in God's Word as pieces of new cloth put upon an old garment. The old garment is human nature tattered and worn threadbare. The new cloth is fragmentary: it is the tailor's remnants, or it is pieces cabbaged, and the part put for the whole, to save the labor and expense of an entire new suit. Sometimes a piece of gold lace may be taken, and patched here and there upon an old garment, to give it the appearance of an extraordinary court dress. Sometimes a cape of silk or velvet may make the wearer and the observer imagine that all the clothing is of the same new and valuable material. Sometimes a whole cloak may be *borrowed* for a season, hiding the poverty and coarseness of the ordinary habitual array. This is what Coleridge once described as being covered round and made comfortable in the *wrap-rascal* of self-hypocrisy.

But one or two May flowers do not constitute the spring, neither does a flight of swallows make the summer, nor a hot-house bed of melons the autumn. One or two of the figures of a Persian carpet might be cut out and spread in places, but they cannot constitute the carpet. A piece of new cloth may be used very skillfully in an adjustment, as a *posse comitatus* after a rent, but it does not constitute a new garment. Neither does one external virtue, nor do two, nor three, nor counterfeits of them all, constitute a real righteousness. It may look surprisingly *like* the real: and those who are not accustomed to look beneath the surface, may think as Paul once did, that is all according to the law, blameless. I was alive without the law once, and thought my sins were dead. My preceptive righteousness, tied together with forms and gilded seams, covered them all. I knew nothing about the law, in its spiritual nature and requisitions, and thought I had a perfect garment, woven without seam from top to bottom, while it was all patch-work.

God sees through all these expedients in a moment, and it is surprising that men can so successfully deceive themselves in God's sight. It is the want of a radical, primeval, heartfelt view and sense of inward sin and corruption that lays the foundation and maintains the possibility of such delusion. Men that have once seen and felt what they are in God's sight, what they are as compared with what God requires, what they are when measured and examined in heart and life by the standard of his law, *cannot*, while sensible of that, deceive themselves to such a degree. They may be covered, here and there, with fragments and shreds of righteousness; but the delusion is seen through, and felt at once, while a sense of sin remains, while the soul is burdened with the knowledge and feeling of its own utter guilt, and its need of an entire new creation by the Holy Spirit. No partial reformation will answer in such a case, or will be able to keep such a soul from the cross of the Redeemer, from a humble, contrite, self-renouncing application to him, for his forgiving mercy and sanctifying grace.

The entire new garment, this new creation, this sanctifying, renovating power, Christ alone can give, and to Him we must all come. Every partial reformation, every beginning or semblance of a virtue, every step or effort, that stops short of him, that begins to make us satisfied without him, is but a mere miserable tatter. Every fragment of a new garment, and every new outside cloak, that makes us stand still without reaching Christ, and sets us to considering whether we are not about right, or prevents us from feeling how bad we are, is worse, if we really stop there, than a gross sin. Our sins, if we felt them, would hasten us to Christ; but our superficial reformations, our thoughts that we are growing better, our figures of meritorious rhetoric, our patches of self-righteousness, our semblances of virtue, keep us away from Christ. Our very efforts to *appear* well in our own sight, in the sight of the world, and in God's sight, keep us at a distance from that Being, and that grace, and that righteousness, in which alone, and in whom alone, God can behold us with favor, can regard us as righteous; and in which alone and in whom alone, the guilt of sin, the power of evil habit, and the ignorance and pride of self-delusion can be taken away, and we ourselves *made* righteous.

Hence it is manifest that while the Scribes and Pharisees were kept out of the kingdom of heaven by their rags, their patches of new cloth upon the old garment of native corruption, their self-complacent mendings of themselves, the publicans and harlots were forced into the kingdom of heaven by *their very sins*, and their *inability of patches*, their utter and glaring want of any garment of self-righteousness to conceal their guilt. Some singular examples of the mending system are presented. There was the Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray. The form of prayer itself was one of his rags; or rather it was the laced seam, wherewith, or beneath which, he thought he fastened the rags of his own righteousness together, and concealed the appearance of the patches. Or it might be taken for the *cloak*, under which, as it certainly served such a purpose, all defects were in some measure hidden. But he himself *enumerates* his rags, the fragments of new cloth, which he had been putting into the old so carefully, that he really began to conceive that it was *all* new, began to imagine there was nothing of the old left in existence.

"God I thank thee that I am not as other men are." There was *one* patch. He thought it concealed all the rents and tatters; but he points it out to us, makes us notice it, calls upon God himself to notice it. If he had said nothing about it, *we* might *not* have noticed it, or at least might not have seen so clearly that it was his own needle-work. But now he makes us *see the stitches*; he points to the patches, and because he himself does not see where they are joined, and has forgotten that the mending was his own work, he thinks no one else sees it, and prides himself upon it, as making him very different from other men.

God I thank thee that I am not as other men. That is the *first* standard that men generally look at for comparison; *other men*. Instead of coming directly to God and his law, and exclaiming, God be merciful to me a sinner, O God I mourn and abhor myself, that I am so unlike *thee*, they look around upon their fellow-sinners, and measure themselves by the standard of this world's morality, by the examples of character and conduct prevalent around them; and if they are a little more moral than their neighbors, or no worse than they, then they begin to applaud themselves before God. Or, as in the case of this Pharisee, they take some notoriously great sinners or disreputable livers, and compare themselves with *such*, and think of their own respectability, honor, estimation in the eye of the world. Ye are they, says God to such, that justify yourselves; but God knoweth your hearts, and that which, even with such hearts, is reputable among men, is abomination in the sight of God. And the man's very profession of his own merits revealed the pride and rottenness of his character in a moment.

But he goes on. "God I thank thee that I am not as other men, *extortioners*." There was *another* patch; the man professed to have made a reformation in that particular thing, to have renounced that vice; not to have *repented* of it, but to have been, at that present time, *free* from it; and he was priding himself upon *that*. That also was a piece of new cloth sewed into the old garment, and in calling our attention to it, he makes us see at once that it was put in by *himself*, and put in to hide the *old*. But whereas he himself does not see the seam, nor the rent that is already made larger to our sight, and more unseemly by his own patching and boasting, *we* see it, in a moment. And yet he prides himself upon it. Just so, men often make a partial external reformation from some besetting sin a means of self-congratulation, a means of concealing from themselves their own true character, a means of hiding the seat, and preventing the discovery and repentance, of that very evil; and also of turning their attention away from *other* evils, and preventing their humble conviction of their own guilt. But God sees the patch, and sees through it. God sees the fragmentary, worthless character of the new cloth, and sees that the old garment is undisturbed by it, only made worse, while its miserable raggedness and ruin are concealed from the eye of the wearer only, and the patch itself helps to keep him out of the kingdom of heaven.

But still he goes on. "God I thank thee that I am not as other men, *extortioners, unjust, adulterers*." He cannot rest, but prides himself so much in all these pieces of new cloth, that he must enumerate them. Every one of them seems to him as good as a new garment, and yet with the mention of every one of them, we are made to see plainly that it is only his own patch-work. He points us with his own finger to the seams where he has been sewing, as much as to say, See what a garment I have made. Perhaps he does not even believe that there has been any patching done. He looks round upon other men, singles out the extortioners, unjust, adulterers, and says within himself, I have never been guilty of those crimes. Here his patches become a cloak, and he hides himself from God's law and from his own sight of what he really is, beneath this cloak of comparison. Thus it is with many a man, who sees not, feels not, that God's law applies to the heart.

And yet every patch that is put on, taketh from the old, and the rent is made worse. The new not being of a piece with the old, they do not agree, and the incongruous and worthless character of both are more distinctly revealed than ever. The same thing is shadowed forth in the case of the woman who spent all her living upon physicians, and never grew better, but constantly worse. Every new prescription, until she came to the great Physician, did but exasperate the disease. And so with this self-righteous Pharisee: every particle of new cloth which he gathers around him to hide his tatters and his nakedness, only reveals the more clearly his guilt and ruin in comparison with God's law. He does not himself see or feel how that law applies to the heart, but seeks to justify himself by a garment of his own patches, every one of which directly manifests his sinfulness.

But still he goes on. "God I thank thee that I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, *or even as this Publican*." And here he puts on *another* patch, or points you to it, that makes a wider rent than all the rest, though he does not himself see it. But here his original, native, unbounded pride comes out, in all its nakedness and deformity; nothing can hide *that*. And that it is, in the sight of God, and of God's law, that constitutes the groundwork and detestableness of all these attempts at self-righteousness and self-justification. They are just merely attempts to conceal *one* sin, or one *set* of sins, by the instrumentality, the boasting, and the covering of another. It is pride and self-justification making a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell: "for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." "But the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." C.

KOSSUTH AND THE PEACE SOCIETY.

Our friend Judge Jay, in his official character as President of the American Peace Society, has published a letter "on the Kossuth excitement," which has found favor in the eyes of some of our contemporaries to whom Judge Jay's compositions are ordinarily distasteful.

It is quite unnecessary to say that the President of the Peace Society is opposed to a war with Russia for the defense of Hungarian Independence, or for the defense of liberty in any other country; for it will instantly occur to the reader that if the European despotisms should combine to take away the dangerous example of republican institutions in America, and to suppress *our* national independence, the principles of the Peace Society would require from the same quarter a similar protest against all armed resistance.

Singularly enough, Mr. Jay has so far caught—quite unconsciously we doubt not—the tone of the Austrian organs in this country, that he speaks of the late conquest of Hungary by the combined forces of Austria and Russia as nothing more than "quelling an insurrection in Hungary." With just about the same propriety might the late achievement of Louis Napoleon be described as the quelling of an insurrection in France.

We think that Mr. Jay, in common with many others, has not exactly met the question really pending before the American people. At least we have not understood it as he represents it. The question as we understand it, is not whether, in this or that contingency, we shall make war on Russia. It is whether in case of a new intervention of the Russian emperor to extinguish the liberty or to adjust the government of an independent nation, and to establish his own ideas of order in countries beyond his jurisdiction, we shall say to him, firmly and fearlessly, in the appropriate forms of intercourse between governments, that his intervention is contrary to the law of nations, hostile to the progress of civilization, and dangerous to the liberty of every people. Some tell us that war would be the consequence of such a protest. But where is the certainty of such a consequence? And if it were certain that an honest and peremptory protest—such as becomes a free and powerful people—would involve us in war, might we not infer with equal certainty that, without such a protest, we should ere long be compelled either to surrender our own independence or to fight for it?

What wrong is there—or to take a lower view, what danger is there in the resolutions of Mr. Cass, or in those of Mr. Seward, if they should be adopted in Congress and published to the world as expressing the judgment of the American government and the American people?

THE HEART OF A SLAVEHOLDER.

Under this caption the *Journal of Commerce* publishes a private letter *from* a slaveholder, which, expressing approbation of the course of that paper on the slave question, goes on as follows:

"We who have the slaves are the sufferers, although as a matter of necessity we must have the race as they are. Misfortune has placed me in a situation to feel its bitterness, which I must begin leave briefly to relate to you. I own seven good and faithful slaves; a man, three women, and three children, whom I bought about sixteen years ago; or rather, I bought the mother then, and they have increased since. I was then in prosperity, and ever since, all but the man have been my house-servants. I have become unfortunate in my business, and my creditors must be paid, and the negroes, poor creatures, must be sold, and no living mortal can imagine what I suffer. It is next to death to them to part from me. It is indeed painful. Their children have grown with mine, and they have all been happy and contented; their interest identified with mine. In sickness they have nursed me and mine, and I have ever striven to make their situation comfortable. I could dwell longer in this strain, but I fear trespassing too long on your time. To carry out an idea suggested by the frequent successful appeals which I notice in your paper, I have for some time past thought of trying to obtain your assistance, either publicly or otherwise. It is to beg for the loan of about $2,500 for some years, on the security of these negroes, or get them purchased by the philanthropic of your city, to go there to live, or remain in freedom here.

"It may be said, if they are such good negroes, cannot they get another as good a master? Perhaps they may; but they have tried me, and they are fearful of taking the risk. They are now satisfied, and are part and parcel of my household. The pain is two-fold on me. I feel for them in their distress, and my own sufferings I have also to bear. If you think it worthy of your attention, you can signify it by answering this, when I will give you further particulars; but I could not rest satisfied until I wrote to you to consider and suggest some plan for these poor fellow-beings in distress. If nothing can be done, then I have a consciousness of having tried one more plan to promote their happiness. My own suffering I must bear with all the Christian fortitude I can command."

We ask our readers to consider this letter. Especially if they have read much in our secular journals about the blessings of the slave, and the superiority of his condition to that of our free northern laborers!

This is a frank disclosure of what takes place without notice every day in the slave dominions. A slave is not in law merely, but in fact, an article of merchandise. Indeed in some regions of the South men women and children are the most active of all saleable property, and

Newton Lower Falls,—he supposing that there was room enough for him to pass safely beside the train which he saw approaching. His uncle in a published note says, that "so little is thought of the danger of this bridge to foot passengers, that even the careful and attentive officers connected with the cars are accustomed to direct strangers across it to my house, knowing that no train will pass for some time. But it is perfectly natural for a stranger to suppose that if a passage is safe at one o'clock, it is equally so at two. My nephew was full of interest and ardor in the studies he had recently commenced, and full of determination and hope in regard to his future career. His thoughts seemed to be never absent from the profession upon which he had entered."

OUR CHURCHES.

I am happy to add that a deep and growing interest pervades several of the churches in the city and vicinity. Considerable numbers are found ready to attend inquiry meetings, and not a few are expressing a joyful hope in their Redeemer. The morning prayer-meeting at the Old South Chapel is well attended, and many are praying that the good works of God's grace may extend to every church, and to every heart in the region.

M. S. N.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

ENGLAND, January 9, 1852.

FRANCE—RAMPANT IMPERIALISM.

There is no change whatever in the evil complexion of French affairs: though Louis Napoleon has to all his own words been "*absolved* by the seven millions of votes which justify his acts," yet he and his infamous associates abate not of their savage rigor. Decree follows upon decree, all conceived in the same spirit. The following, if not given textually, would not be credited, as being too monstrous: it is not enough to prohibit writing, men may not even converse on public matters:

"The President of the Republic, on the report of the keeper of the seals, minister of justice; considering that among the offenses foreseen by the law in vigor on the press, those which are committed by means of speech, such as verbal offenses or seditious cries, have considerably multiplied; considering that the attribution to the Court of Assizes of the cognizance of these offenses renders the repression thereof less rapid and efficacious; considering that it is a principle that laws of procedure and competition are immediately applicable to affairs not yet tried, decrees that the cognizance of all offenses contemplated by the laws upon the press, and committed by word of mouth, is conferred upon the tribunals of the correctional police, these tribunals will take cognizance of those offenses which have been committed heretofore to the present decree, and which have not been the object of a final contradictory judgment. The prosecutions will be conducted according to the forms and rules prescribed by the code of criminal instruction for correctional jurisdiction."

The military commissions with unlimited powers are playing havoc with persons and property. The terrorism of the military commanders and other functionaries in the departments is all comprehensive. No man is safe. Mere subaltern officers take upon them to dissolve National Guards and to take possession of their arms, and the most savage threats are directed against any who may retain their arms. A few characteristic notices, collected from various sources, are added:

"On Dec. 30, a court-martial at Lyons, of which Col. Amberi, of the 2d Dragoons, was President, condemned the following individuals to death for rebellion against the public force: MM. Garay, proprietor, ex assistant to the Mayor of Lyons; Romegon, proprietor; Julien, Bruner; and Boussalin, proprietor.

"It is stated that 960 of the prisoners recently arrested on political grounds were removed on Saturday from the forts of Bicêtre and Ivry to be conveyed to Havre. Thence they were to proceed to Cherbourg or Brest with a view to their transportation to Cayenne.

There are more than 20,000 persons in the prisons and forts in and near Paris.

"Gen. d'Alphonse, commander of the state of siege in the department of the Cher, has published a decree, declaring that whoever shall give asylum or refuge, pecuniary or monetary, to recruits in the late resistance to the *coup d'etat*, shall be tried by court-martial and punished accordingly.

"The Prefect of the Var, to enforce the disarmament of the inhabitants of the department, announces that any one found in possession of arms after 24 hours from the publication of the present decree shall be arrested and delivered over to the military authorities.

"The Prefect of the Nièvre has followed the example of some others of his colleagues, and published a decree ordering all gatherings of people, without exception, and particularly the words 'Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité,' which are inscribed on public and private buildings in the department, to be effaced.

"General Castellane has dissolved all the fraternal associations of Lyons; and ordered that their affairs shall be immediately wound up in the presence of a commissary of police. Any person contravening the decree will be prosecuted as a member of a secret society, the punishment of which colonels is, as you know, imprisonment.

"This is perhaps the most shocking instance of tyranny that has yet occurred. The principle of association is dear to the laborer. He feels that by this principle he can hope gradually to improve his condition, and to secure for his own enjoyment a fair proportion of the fruits of his own labor. Politics are nothing to him. They do not enter the excess of these associations; but the experiment has now been long and extensively tried, and many of these bodies are now flourishing, and, what is of at least equal importance, contented. To dissolve them is for ever to attack man's most dearly loved property; and to punish hesitation in submitting to an injustice so shocking to the conscience with transportation, is a cruelty at which the heart sickens.

"The colossal statue of Liberty, surmounted with a Phrygian cap, in the center of the Place de Bourgogne, behind the Legislative Palace, has been pulled down. It was an unsightly mass of plaster; but had it been as fine a piece of sculpture as ever ever wrought by Greck chisel, the principle it represented was quite enough to ensure its destruction."

An oath of allegiance to the covenant-breaker is to be taken by all the public functionaries.

One of the government organs has this:

"The Russian minister at Paris has handed to M. de Turgot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, an autograph letter of the Czar addressed to Prince Louis Napoleon, in which the Emperor of Russia congratulates the President of the Republic on having saved the cause of civilization by the great act of the 2d December."

Special agents have been dispatched to all the Courts—M. de Persigny to Brussels, in order to procure the expulsion of the refugees.

"It is stated that King Leopold declared that it was only possible for him to expel each of the French refugees from Belgium as had been condemned by justice for some offense; but that he could not regard the democratic members of the late Assembly as falling under this category."

The Emperor's rapacious bird, the eagle, is by decree re-established on the standards of the army and on the cross of the Legion of Honor. A new coinage adorned with the effigies of the Dictator is to be issued.

Facts are accumulating which prove that the agents of the arch conspirator coerted the barricades, an *emeute* being reckoned absolutely necessary to his success.

The voice of "the True Church," as heard in the utterances of bishops and priests, sounds like unexampled blasphemy: worse even than the fo*mal T. Deum* is the following from the pen of the Abbé Darras:

"God has had mercy upon us. There was but one man whose name remained in the memory of the people and of the soldier. In spite of his misfortune, God has given him the secret instinct of his destiny. God sought him out in exile for this work of reparation. He first confided to him, as to that great man who had shed so much glory on his name, the duty of saving the church by restoring the Papacy in Rome. This was the seal of the reconciliation of Providence with that race of kings which Providence alone had overthrown. From that day *those who know that God is never ungrateful* foresaw what illustrious destinies still awaited him":

It is a fact to be mentioned here, that in a Protestant locality there were of a thousand votes 900 noes against 100 ayes. In France as in Hungary, our Protestant brethren will have to endure all that priests with an atheistical government at their back can inflict.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

Letters from New York intimate the probable speedy return of Kossuth to Europe in consequence of passing events. In the opinion of the present writer, the door is closed and barred and bolted against him. His field is the United States. Private sorrows thicken around the patriot.

"Baron Kemény, who was appointed by Kossuth as chief to the Hungarian Committee in this country, died suddenly on Monday morning. The gallant colonel was 63 years of age, and was one of the most celebrated officers during the Hungarian war of independence. He defended the Bridge of Piske, in Transylvania, with 2000 men and seven guns against 14,000 Austrians and 30 guns, whom he defeated with great slaughter. By his death the Hungarian cause loses not only a good soldier, but a kind friend to his brother refugees, he having spent his last shilling the day before his death in relieving their poverty."

Count Casimir Batthyany, now resident in Paris, has published a long letter in the *Times*, in one portion of which he unanswerably refutes certain statements adverse to the patriots, which the great Hungarian magnate, Prince Paul Esterhazy, published in the *Times* a month since. In the same communication he animadverts with much severity upon the past and present policy of Kossuth, whom he reproaches for trusting the traitor Gorgey, and for resigning the governorship to him without consulting the Council of State. The Count also thinks Kossuth would have done better "to have appeared before the world in the simple character of a private individual." No one would affirm the infallibility of Kossuth; and when here he confessed and lamented his undue confidence in Gorgey; but it does seem both ill-timed and in bad taste for a gentleman enjoying literary leisure in Paris to assail with sharp criticism the absent patriot, who is wearing himself out in active and it is hoped effective labors for his country and for Europe. Strangely enough, the Count hints the opinion that "the unexpected blows" "dealt in the dark," "with the intention of wearing out Hungary," were improperly met by the bold and open action recommended by Kossuth! The Count also strongly objects to "the engrafting of the principles of republicanism on the Constitution of 1848." And this perhaps explains the extraordinary appearance of Batthyany in the character of an antagonist to Kossuth. AGRICOLA.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVALS.

CHESTER FACTORIES, MASS.—Rev. G. E. Chapman writes to *Zion's Herald*, Jan. 7:

"This place has long been noted for its irreligious tendency. It has been a long night to the faithful. But the day has at length dawned upon us—a glorious day of revival. It has been in progress about four weeks, and about forty-five so far have been converted and reclaimed. The work commenced at our evening appointments: first at the east school-house, one mile distant; next at Becket, three miles west of this place. It has now commenced here, where we expect to reap the greatest harvest. To God be all the glory. More anon."

NORWICH CORNERS, N. Y.—Rev. S. W. Brace writes to the *Religious Recorder*, Jan. 26, as to the progress of the work of grace there:

"For two weeks past this work of saving mercy has been on the increase, and is now progressing with such power and interest as mark it, next to that, the Lord's work, and let the work be done. Such are its character and its fruits, as already developed, that the friends of the Redeemer there greatly rejoice, and they have good reason for believing that the angels in heaven are in concert of feeling with them. Sinners repent. Backsliders are reclaimed. The extreme inclemency of the weather, and the peculiar bleakness of that location, the last three Sabbaths were days not only of great solemnity but of much encouragement in that recently feeble and devoted church. During this time, amidst the storms and drifts of snow and piercing cold, our evening meetings in different parts of the parish have also been attended with increasing interest, and promise of even better things yet to come."

SCOTT, N. Y.—Rev. J. S. Lord, of Scott, Cortland Co., writing on the 25th ult., informs the *Religious Recorder* that there has been more than usual religious interest in his congregation for three months past. "As the result backsliders have returned into the ranks of God's soldiers, some who have not walked with the church for years, and a few mercy drops have fallen among us. At our communion on the first Sabbath in Dec., ten united with the church, five by letter and five by profession. Several others since that time have, as they trust, found a Savior ready to pardon. . . . The work with us has been characterized for stillness and simplicity of means. Nothing but the regular ministrations of Divine truth on the Sabbath, and two or three seasons of prayer and conference during the week in different parts of the parish."

NORTH BRIDGEWATER.—Rev. A. B. Wheeler writes Jan. 19: "We are enjoying a glorious revival of the work of the Lord in this place. More than fifty have professed to have passed from death unto life within the last ten days, and the altar is crowded with those who are inquiring what they 'must do to be saved,' every night."—*Zion's Herald.*

HARTFORD, CT.—Rev. Dr. Turnbull administered the ordinance of baptism to nine candidates last Sabbath morning. It is expected that several others will be baptized next Sabbath. The religious state of feeling in the evangelical churches of the city is quite encouraging. We hear of frequent conversions, and the work appears to be deepening and widening.—*Sec.*

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE BAZAAR.—A magnificent scheme is set on foot by the London Temperance League of a World's Temperance Bazaar in the Zoological Gardens in London, in August next. Friends of temperance in every country are invited to send literary contributions, drawings, paintings, statuary, fine specimens of needlework, floral decorations, mottoes, and whatever can grace and adorn such an undertaking. Some of our English friends are sanguine in the belief that the display will greatly promote the temperance reformation.

FRANCE.—It is highly gratifying and encouraging to find that the evangelical laborers in France are not at all crushed by the apparently untoward course of events of the political world. We published last week an earnest letter from Dr. Devan, the missionary of the Baptist Board, with the notice of a liberal grant of money from the Am. and For. Bible Society. The magazine of the American and Foreign Christian Union for February has a letter from M. de Pressense, Secretary of the Evangelical Society of France, to Dr. Baird, describing a late meeting of the committee called to consider the question whether prudence did not require them to curtail some of their expenses by dismissing some of their laborers. M. de Pressense says:

"To adopt that course would not have been warrantable, as there is not a single one of these laborers but has proved to us, by facts, that his ministry was abundantly blessed in the missionary station where he was evangelizing. We have, therefore, unanimously determined to maintain our work in the present state: that is to say, to give now for our 19 pastors, 9 evangelists, 41 schoolmasters and school-mistresses, 1 director, 1 sub-director, and 24 pupils of our Normal School. For coming to that resolution, with a treasury completely exhausted, we have entailed upon ourselves financial responsibilities to the amount of 60,000 francs ($12,000), and such is our confidence in Him whose glory we are endeavoring to promote, that in order to find actual resources, we have decided that every member of our committee should, under his personal responsibility, procure a certain fund, so that our treasurer might (at least for a certain time) honor the bills drawn upon him by the Society's agents, who are bearing the heat and burden of the day, and exerting themselves to convey words of peace and comfort to the agitated multitudes of our country.

"In fine, dear sir, we shall not be able to sustain for a long while the heavy weight under which we are bending, and if the Christians who desire that France should be evangelized do not hasten to our relief, it will be all over with our work, and we shall be reduced to inaction, when we so ardently desire to go on proclaiming the name our Savior."

We hope the Protestants of America will now at length do something by way of retrieval of the inexcusable error they committed in 1848–9, in not seizing the opportunity at once for filling France with the means of evangelization to the extent of its capacity for reception.

AUSTRIA.—There are in the Austrian Empire a few centers of light, from which decidedly evangelical influences emanate. In the Archdukedom of Austria, or Austria proper, near Linz, on the Danube, a small body of Lutheran ministers have turned their back on rationalism, and have joined the evangelical movements of Germany. At Vienna, where the Lutheran and Calvinistic ministers, as also the professors of the Theological Seminary, are Rationalists, a Baptist church has been founded by Rev. J. G. Oncken, which, though persecuted at present by the government, will, we have hope, hold out and endure. At Oberlaitzca, in Western Hungary, not far distant from Vienna, before the revolution, Rev. Mr. Wimmer, a Lutheran minister, successfully preached the Gospel, and circulated an immense amount of Bibles and other religious publications. He is at present at Bremen, over which the government has placed a ban, and return to Hungary on account of his participation in the revolution. But his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Kuhne, continues to some extent his work. A still more promising center of light is the mission established by the Free Church of Scotland among the Jews at Pesth, which has been signally blessed to the conversion of more than one hundred Jews, and a considerable number of nominal Christians. During the war, the Scotch missionaries left the country, but their converts remained. One of them, Philip Saphir, has founded an excellent literary institution, by which evangelical religion, prayer meetings, and Christian activity have been introduced on a field where never before anything of this kind was known. Some of the converted Jews became Bible colporteurs, and disseminated Bibles and Testaments in Hebrew, German, Magyar and Croatian, broadcast over the land. In Hebrew alone more than 5000 copies were circulated before the war.—*Welch. & Refl.*

JERUSALEM.—Bishop Gobat has opened in the city of David, two schools, and established a Workhouse and a House of Refuge, where converted Jews can find an asylum and honest means of subsistence. This was absolutely necessary: for whoever among this people turns to the Gospel, is expelled without mercy from his family, and deprived of all means of livelihood. Bishop Gobat has already a colony of these new converts.

ISEUT, AFRICA.—This is a city of three or four miles in circumference, and probably 15,000 inhabitants, situated about one hundred and fifty miles inland from Badagry on the coast. Rev. Mr. Bowen reached this place on the 1st of May, with the object of pressing still farther into the interior. Bonu will probably ere long be occupied as a missionary station.

EXETER HALL SERVICES.—The London correspondent of the *Morning Star* writes:

"Our large Exeter Hall crowded Congregational services have no doubt been effective, both as a defense to Christians sojourning with us, and to others who might be induced to go to hear the word of God, as preached in that spacious and celebrated building, and by some of the most pious and talented men of our city. All the Exhibition sermons in Exeter Hall were taken down in short hand and have been published.

NON-CONFORMIST CLUB-HOUSE IN LONDON.—As there are the *Carlton*, the *Reform*, *Brooks'*, &c., so now there is to be the *Non-Conformist* Club, costing £60,000. This institution will be a great convenience to Dissenters resident in, and to Dissenters who visit the metropolis; while it will serve to concentrate their influence and invigorate their operations as a political party.

Young Men.—"Young Men Admonished; in a Series of Lectures." By Joseph P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. Published by Putney & Co., Buffalo. 12mo, pp. 339. With an engraving of Retch's Game of Life. A new edition, the lectures on the Theater added. Sold by M. H. Newman.

Blue Cover.—The "Pamphlet, or Christian's Armory," commenced two years ago at Boston, with a very blue cover as an imitation of *the* Pamphlet that had Jerusalem Evarts for editor, has run its race. The December number announces that it must stop unless the subscription was raised to $500, which at the subscription price of 82 would require a list of 250 subscribers. It was doubtless not worth while to edit a religious magazine that with so honorable a title could not secure that number of friends to save it from extinction.

Finney's Theology.—We are requested by Mr. J. H. Fitch, publisher, of Oberlin, to state that his proposal to send the volume of President Finney's Theology, postage paid, for one dollar, was intended to apply only where the postage is single. For distances exceeding 500 miles from Oberlin, he requires $1 25.

Princeton Review.—"The Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review," for January. W. H. Mitchell, publisher, 265 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia—$3 per annum. The quarterly of the O. S. Presbyterians. Articles on Christian Antiquities (omitting to mention Dr. Murdoch's translation of Mosheim De Rebus), Progress of Society, Moral Æsthetics, Gilfillan, Hengstenberg's Revelation, and Prof. Nevin. A paragraph from the first article:

"Above all archæological investigations, those that relate to the christian church possess a living interest and peculiar. The Hebrew commonwealth, the Roman and the Grecian republics have passed away. We are neither Hebrews, Greeks, nor Romans, and yet we have treasures and riches in their antiquities. But we are Christians, and the Church continues to this present time, with its sacred ordinances, its constitution, its discipline, its offices, and its solemn rites of worship. Why, then, is not a knowledge of its antiquities to us Christians an object of surpassing interest, above those of pagan Greece and Rome? Why do not the antiquaries of the Christian Church exceed in importance those even of the Jewish church, as far as the Christian excels in Jewish religion?"

Doubtless one reason for the neglect of Christian Antiquities is that so large a portion of the knowledge concerning them is buried with the body of Moses. Another, that the pursuit of these studies is either causede followed by a strong proclivity of mind towards ritualism.

The Song Queen.—The "International Magazine" for February, just published, publishes from Mr. James T. Fields, now in Europe, the following apostrophee JENNY LIND, written in a concert room in London, in 1847:—

"Look on her: there she stands, the world's prime wonder
The joy of princes and the wrapt musicians,
Touch your golden wires, for now the prelude strains
To taurial ears unwonted. Hark! she sings.
Yon prophet of their hungry hearts unloose,
And all the liberal air rains melody
Around. O night! O time! delay, delay—
Fairies here, entranced! Ye evening winds, come near,
But whisper not,—and you, ye flowers, fresh culled
From western nooks, throw silvery rivulets now,
Breathe silent incense still.
Hail, matchless queen!
Thou, like the high white Alps, canst bear unspoiled,
The world's artillery (thundering praises) pass.
And keep serene and safe thy spotless fame!"

Ecclesiology.—If any of our readers do not know the meaning of the term, or the value of the thing which it represents, they are to be seriously affected by the proceedings of the last quarterly meeting of the New York Ecclesiological Society. A paper was read by Rev. Mr. Elmendorf on the subject of *altar cloths* or coverings for the communion table. It seems that Ecclesiology demands a variety.

"White is appropriate on the highest festivals, and for the festivals also of the Blessed Virgin, St. Michael all and All Angels, St. John the Evangelist, and Conversion of St. Paul. Red on the festivals of the Martyrs; Violet during the seasons of fasting; Black on Good Friday, and Green on ordinary days."

Well does the *Christian Witness*, the Episcopal newspaper of Boston, remark:

"It is humiliating to know that any clergymen of the Church can employ their time in investing to and discussing such puerilities as these, which serve, in the view of sensible men, to caricature the Church and her services. We would beg leave to suggest as a topic for discussion at the next meeting of this society the words of St. Paul, 1 Cor. 13: 11."

The introduction to Vol. 4 of the *Ecclesiologist* announces that the conductors of the work will act as agents for the purchase of communion plate of the *true* patterns, and altar cloths and napkins worked with the requisite "five crosses, and lace at the end," all at fixed prices. The *Protestant Churchman* exclaims:

"Why these men are really setting up business in good earnest, as agents for carvers and gilders, workers in silver and gold and precious stones; the sellers of napkins, and veils, and lace, and not overlooking the poor, have considerately remembered the washerwoman. What shall we have next?"

Dr. Charles King's recent lecture before the Mechanics Institute, upon the History of the City of New York, is, we are happy to hear, soon to appear in pamphlet form, illustrated with copious notes.

Ethan Allen.—A native Vermonter at Burlington has nearly finished a statue of the Hero of Ticonderoga, which is well spoken of as a work of art. The Burlington *Courier* says of it:

"The statue is seven feet in hight. The hero is represented with the head erect, the right foot advanced, the right hand grasping the sword, which is withdrawn a few inches from the scabbard, while a military cloak is falling from the right shoulder. The dress is that of the revolutionary period, and is admirably managed. The face is strong and rather stern, and the whole aspect is noble and appropriate."

The Origin of Evil.—Dr. Dewey's series of lectures, according to the *Evening Post*, are on the question which Cowper has stated in the last line of this passage:

"The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press the important question on his heart,
WHY FORMED AT ALL, AND WHEREFORE AS THOU ART?"

The defect of the plan is in attempting to explain it without adopting a broad and stable conviction respecting its introduction, propagation, criminality, and universality. No wonder it is so difficult to understand the distinguished lecturer's *aim and drift.*

Montgomery.—A Sheffield (Eng.) paper says that the venerable poet, Montgomery, has read the notices of his death, in the American papers, with their accompanying eulogies, with much satisfaction, and what is more, read them without the aid of glasses.

"Who is the Author of"—Our English Correspondent says:

"The beautiful and popular little poem beginning,

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,'

was written by an English lady who is unknown to fame, though many thousands of children are familiar with her words and thoughts. Her name is Mrs. Luke. The music is an adaptation of a Greek air.

"There is a children's hymn which is still more popular:

'Come children join to sing
Hallelujah!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah!'

"This hymn is set to a beautiful Spanish chant, capable of great and varied expression. If this hymn and music are not known in the United States, they shall, on intimation, be sent through *The Independent*, and then ere long thousands of American children and other than children would join to sing this hallelujah to Christ our King."

Neal Dow.—It will be seen by advertisement that Mr. Marsh has issued his life of this Napoleon of Temperance in pamphlet form. It will be everywhere read with great interest.

Musical.—Messrs. Bradburys' Juvenile Musical Concerts at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday evenings, are very attractive. He has a thousand little folks to sing in chorus, the house is decorated with flowers and greens, and in the course of the cantata of Flora's Festival the queen of the feast is crowned.

A concert of music is to be given at the Plymouth church, Brooklyn, on Monday evening next—one-half of the proceeds to go for the use of the Sabbath-school of that church. The concert is under direction of Mr. H. E. Mathews.

Birney on Colonization.—Many of our readers well remember the excitement produced all over the country in 1834, by the publication of a letter from Jas. G. Birney to Rev. Thornton A. Mills, both then of Kentucky, condemning the whole scheme of African Colonization. The mutability of human affairs is illustrated by the following extract from the *Cincinnati Herald*, now edited by Mr. Mills:

"CONVENTION OF COLORED PEOPLE.—A Convention of the colored people of this State was held in this city last week, to consider their present condition, and what steps ought to be taken to alleviate and remove its evils. A report was made to the Convention on the subject of emigration, which called forth an animated discussion. Some opposed the idea in any form; a few were in favor of emigrating to Liberia, and others of attempting to colonize on this continent. A letter was read from Jas. G. Birney, Esq., advising them to emigration. After a long study of the present posture of their affairs, he had come to the conclusion the past year that necessity is laid on them to emigrate, if they wish to improve themselves and rise in the world."

CONGRESS.

TUESDAY, Jan. 27.

IN SENATE.—The French Spoliations bill was made the special order for the third Monday in February. Two senators took the right view of these special orders—they ought to be discontinued.

Mr. GWINN thought the bill would be sooner disposed of, if its friends would unite and clear off all the business standing before it on the calendar, and then, when it was reached, stick to it till it was acted on.

Mr. BORLAND was opposed to making special orders. More time was taken up in debating the propriety of making bills special orders than would be consumed in debating the bills themselves, if taken up regularly.

Mr. SUMNER made an able and enlightened speech in favor of a grant of lands to Iowa for railroad purposes. The United States, he said, stood to the new States in the relation of a prudent and faithful husbander, and was to contribute to public objects, instead of which all the public lands are untaxed.

Prior to January, 1849, 280,000,000 of acres had been granted for sale—100,000,000 had been sold. The United States had held this vast amount of land free from taxation an average period of twenty-five years. He fixed the annual average tax at one cent per acre, and found that the amount of tax which the United States ought to pay amounts to more than $2,500,000. Calculating the same tax for a period of twenty-five years and the United States was indebted to the land States in the sum of $72,490,000; but, if the tax was ten cents an acre, as it ought to be, then the United States held the enormous sum of over $140,000,000 in trust for the States in which the lands were situated.

During the same period, grants for internal improvements had been made to these States of the probable value of only $19,000,000—leaving a balance of $160,000,000 equitably due to the land States by the United States, and upon which these States had a just and equitable right to call for aid for purposes of internal improvement. He then turned to the advantages and benefits which would result to all the States, on the Atlantic and elsewhere, from the extension of railroads, and the consequent advancement of school houses, civilization and religion, and the extension of the power and glory of the Union.

IN THE HOUSE.—The resolution giving the printing of the Census to Messrs. Gideon & Co. was at length referred to the Committee of the Whole, where it is likely to be an omnibus for all manner of speeches, until the Chamber gets wearied, and honorable members have exhausted their stocks of partizan merchandize.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 28.

IN SENATE.—Mr. CASS presented a resolution of a public meeting in Detroit, asking the Government of the United States to "intercede" with that of Great Britain in behalf of Smith O'Brien and the other Irish exiles. Mr. C. said this was an "interference," in a very unkind suggestion, and a just tribute to the advancing opinions of the age. How much nobler is the friendly expression of interest and hope like this, conceived and communicated in the spirit of deference and respect for each other power, than the angry remonstrances which crowd the pages of diplomatic history in every age of the world! Such a proceeding is an intercourse of good offices, honorable to the nature of the country adopting it, and to the country receiving it, if received, as it is hoped it will be in this case, with the feelings of confidence and regard which dictate our action. Of course, it imposes no obligation on either party. The certainty of its favorable issue could not fail to strengthen the ties of amity between England and the United States. I shall, said Mr. Cass, vote for the original resolution, even if it is not modified. Though the President has declined to enter into a diplomatic correspondence with the British government upon this subject, yet I do not understand that he would have any objections to such a measure, if Congress should take upon itself the responsibility of inviting his action.

Mr. HALE cordially approved and assented to every word which had fallen from the lips of Mr. Cass. He asked the Senate to excuse him for introducing personal considerations into the debate. His mother was the only child of an Irish exile, whose name was O'Brien, and if he ever should fall in any proper expression of sympathy for an Irish exile, particularly of the name of O'Brien, then he would be false to every palpation of his heart, and to that to which no man could be false—the memory of a deceased mother. He therefore felt the utmost sympathy for these exiles, and if he had one feeling more strongly ruling him than any other, it was sympathy for Irish exiles, particularly O'Briens. He agreed also with the Senator in declaring Irishmen to be the friends of law and order wherever they were—he used the term in no technical or fanatical sense.

Mr. SHIELDS and Mr. BUTLER expressed their concurrence.

Mr. DAVIS, of Mass., made a speech on Mr. Foote's resolution declaring the finality of the Compromise, in which he examined particularly the Fugitive-Slave law. He was not one who held to one part and rejected another part of the Constitution. He would vote for any suitable law, but he regarded this as unsuitable, and by it many of the fundamental principles of the constitution were disregarded. The constitution in its careful protection of the rights of citizens as to life, liberty and property, provided that no question involving property to the amount of twenty dollars, should be decided other than by a jury, and no man could be arraigned without the judgment of a grand inquest, and he could not be tried for any offense, except by a jury of his peers. This law totally disregarded the trial by jury. The jury trial was the great shield between the citizen and power; this law placed the liberty of the citizen entirely in the hands of not by a jury or judge, but by the decision of an inferior magnitude, and that, too, by a process most summary. He would not say the law was unconstitutional. Why was not the trial by jury allowed? The only reason given that could be drawn was, that Congress in passing this law had a distrust of the integrity of juries in free states. He defended juries and citizens of free states from such a charge. He did not agree with those who proposed resistance to this law. He was for letting it stand till time should satisfy those interested in it that the Constitution would be better carried out by a law milder in its terms.

IN THE HOUSE, the bill making appropriation for the Mexican indemnity was passed, thus putting down, at least for the present, the discussion of the Webster dotation.

The bill appropriating $6,000 to bring home the Cuban prisoners who have been released by the Government of Spain, passed the next day, 147 to 22.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Mr. OLDS, from the Post-office Committee, reported a bill to amend the Act of 1851, reducing and modifying the rates of postage. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The bill provides that each newspaper, pamphlet, periodical and magazine, book bound or unbound, circular, catalogue, and every description of printed matter connected with any manuscript or writing, and of no greater hight than two and a half ounces, shall be charged one ct postage, and one cent for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, for any distance under 2,000 miles per 2,000 miles double those rates. All newspapers published regularly and sent from the office of publication to actual subscribers, and not weighing over one pound, shall be conveyed free within the State counties. The postage upon all printed mailable matter shall be pre-paid either at the office where it is mailed or at the office of delivery, otherwise double the foregoing rates shall be charged thereon. All printed mailable matter shall be deemed unpaid unless paid at the office where it is mailed. Books, bound or unbound, weighing over four pounds, shall be deemed mailable matter; and all printed matter charged with by weight, shall be weighed when dry. The publishers of newspapers and periodicals may send to each other, from their respective offices of publication, free of postage, one copy of each publication, and may also send to each actual subscriber, enclosed in their publications, bills and receipts for the same, free of postage. The publishers of weekly newspapers may send to each actual subscriber in the county where their papers are printed and published, one copy thereof, free of postage; and all laws and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this all are repealed.

TUESDAY, Feb. 4.

Gov. Seward has reported a bill, which will probably pass, for the employment of two vessels to explore the seas and coasts lying between our territories on the Pacific and the shores of China. It is said that Captain Ringgold is to command the expedition. Senator Bernard has left Washington, uncertain when he will return. The House bill for the payment of the Mexican installment passed the Senate without debate. Also the bill forbringing the Cuban prisoners home from Spain. Private debates on the Compromise occupy most of the time in the Houses.

FOREIGN.

Steel of the Humboldt.—The U. S. mail steamer Humboldt, from Havre Jan. 14 via Cowes, put into Halifax Sunday, being compelled to repair the damage sustained from a succession of terrible gales. American flour has advanced 1s. The demand for cotton is animated. Trade in general healthy and hopeful.

The London *Daily News* of the 12th ult. states, in reference to the Prometheus affair, that the British Government will express to the Cabinet of Washington its first and manly terms, their regret at what has occurred, and testify in a marked manner their disapprobation of the aggressor's conduct. There is no doubt, therefore, that the matter will be amicably arranged.

The Crystal Palace is at last cleared out, and the vast area soon to be thrown open to the public.

Sir Larry Smith, Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope, has been superseded by Major-General the Hon George Catheart, Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower of London. The appointment is unfavorably received, as Mr. General Catheart has never had any experience in Kaffir warfare.

Progress towards a settlement between the operative engineers and their employers had taken place, and on the 14th January thirty-six firms closed their establishments; 10,000 men were thus at once thrown out of employment.

The London *Times* announces that the next session of Parliament will be opened on the 3d of February, by the Queen in person, and that the present Cabinet, without the further modification, is resolved to face the difficulties of the session of 1852. The *Times*, however, gives hope that Lord John Russell's government will survive the session, but plainly hints that it will speedily fall beneath the accumulating difficulties and opposition which must experience. All the overtures of the Russell administration to the leaders of the Peel party for the formation of a Coalition, have been declined by the latter.

It is said that despairing of their cause in Europe, now that the Prince Louis Napoleon is so consolidating his power in France, many of the German and French refugee at London have resolved to emigrate to the United States.

M. Bonaparte has at last established himself officially in the historical palace of the Kings of France. He has appended to the consecrated form so gratifying to his ambon, so long the object of his desires:

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 5th January, 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

GENERAL NEWS.

From California.—The steamer Prometheus left this port Jan. 5, at 5 P. M. for San Juan de Nicaragua, where she arrived on the 15th, and reached New York again on Friday, 30th, with 355 passengers, who held $800,000 in gold dust.

The British frigate Arrogant had been dispatched by the Admiral of the West India station, with the assurance to Com. Parker that the British government entirely disavowed the acts of the Consul and the Captain of the brig Express, in the exercise of any authority whatever in connection with the Mosquito government, or interfering in any way with any foreign commerce with San Juan. The most friendly feelings existed between the officers of the ships of both countries.

California has been visited by a succession of very heavy rain storms. The rivers were all very much swollen; land communication between Stockton and Sacramento had been cut off.

The location of the seat of government is involved in as deep mystery as ever—the partisans of San Jose and Vallejo sparing no exertion on either side to secure it.

The trial of Captain Robert Waterman, of the ship Challenge, who was indicted for cruelty to one of his crew, Frederick Birkenshaw, commenced before the Hon. O. Hoffman, Jr., on the 25th ult. It lasted four days, and resulted in the disagreement of the jury.

Capt. Waterman, and Douglass, the mate, were arraigned and pleaded "not guilty" to eleven indictments found against them for assaults upon other seamen of the Challenge.

On the evening of the 17th inst., says the *Picayune*, a party of men boarded the brig Callao, in our harbor, and brought ashore Capt. Ellis, her commander, who is alleged to have been of the Irish patriot, Smith O'Brien, when that gentleman attempted to escape from Van Diemen's Land. The captors conducted him to near the Mission Dolores, some three miles from the city, where he was released on the payment to the captors of Mr. O'Brien's friends, on the occasion referred to. On his promise to do so, he was released. Popular feeling was very generally against him.

From Oregon.—The Legislature was in session Dec. 25th.

The Collector of Puget Sound, S. P. Moses, Esq., arrived in November, and entered upon the duties of his office.

The winter has been a wet one in Oregon thus far. The Oregon *Spectator*, of December 16th, has the following:

"OUR CLIMATE.—The winter, so far, has been, we are informed by old settlers in this country, about an usual one for Oregon, with nearly as much rain and cold as is general. We have had no frosts (Dec. 12), except in three or four instances, and then but very slight ones. The grass and almost all kinds of vegetation are not only green and fresh, but actually growing finely. Garden sauce of various kinds can be had in many of the gardens about town, for the trouble of gathering it. We yesterday had the pleasure, for the first time in our life, of eating radishes grown in the open air in December! Lettuce of a good quality is also plenty, in the second growth, and self sown."

New Grenada.—The steamer Cherokee arrived on Friday night from Chagres via Kingston, with $1,100,000 in California gold.

The American Hospital at Panama, supported by a capitation tax on all passengers crossing the Isthmus to or from San Francisco, has gone into successful operation. During the first month, from November 25 to December 25, forty-six patients were treated. The revenue of the Hospital is about $800 per month.

Two colored women have complained to His Excellency, the Governor of New Grenada, that their masters will not give up their children, on the plea that they have to serve until the completion of eighteen years. They considers absurd, as slavery, once abolished in Nueva Grenada, all the provisions of the law of 1821, respecting manumission, cease, and all Grenadines are free, and enjoy the rights of the present day.

The steamship Independence, hence for Chagres and San Juan, put into Kingston, Jamaica, in distress, having broken the greater part of her machinery, disabled her wheels and rigging, and sprung a leak. The passengers were conveyed to Chagres by the Cherokee.

Texas.—The legislature have ratified the classification of the public debt made by the auditor and the controller. They appropriate two millions for the domestic debt, two and a half for internal improvements, and one million for the establishment of common schools, in addition to ten per cent. of the proceeds of the public lands. It seems the U. S. Government are not yet satisfied with their State prosecutions.

The Galveston *Journal* of the 15th ult. says it is credibly informed that the U. S. District Attorney has received positive instructions to prosecute, to the full extent of the law, all American citizens who have been engaged in the Caravajal expeditions on the Rio Grande. It is also reported that in the case of Cavasos *vs.* Forbes, Stillman, the Federal Court in session at Galveston, Judge J. C. Watrous presiding, has given an opinion in favor of the complainants. The amount in issue, in this suit, as the *News* learns, was fifty-nine leagues of land, including the city of Brownsville and sundry improvements. The whole amount of land thus adjudicated is 291,252 acres.

Christiana Trials.—The papers devoted to absolutism in general are very much grieved that the earnest efforts of the government and its agents to hang a score or two of people failed. The *Pennsylvania Freeman* explains it:—

"These bills were ignored, not from any disposition on the part of the authorities to shield the accused, still less from any sympathy with abolition, but simply because there was no evidence to make even a plausible case against them. Thus ends the farce! Where is Mr. Kline? Where is Deputy Marshal Ellmaker? Where is Overseer Brent? We have called the proceedings of the government in these cases a farce, and so indeed they are in one point of view; but the farce has been too near

The Independent.

For the Independent.

A TRUE FAMILY OUTLINE.

"Will you give mammy a little milk?" was the inquiry of a half-frozen looking child, at the back door of my father's house on a cold winter's morning. "Tell Timothy to come in," said my mother, as I repeated the question to her. Timothy came in, miserably protected from the inclement weather; his patched stockings were peeping through the toes of his shoes, his limbs were scantily covered by his ragged trowsers, his jacket had only an occasional button, while the colored patches here and there showed an attempt at tidiness, at the same time his whole appearance indicated extreme poverty. He cast a wishful glance at our Dutch-oven, while the cook in removing the cover revealed it well filled with baked potatoes: nor did the rye-and-Indian fire-cake, just ready for the table, escape his notice. "How is your mother this morning?" was the kind inquiry of my own dear parent. "She'd be pretty well, ma'am," said Timothy, "but she didn't have any sleep last night; and she feels bad this morning 'cause she hasn't any breakfast to give us."

"And how does it happen that you are so destitute on this cold morning?" "Why, ma'am, father came home very bad last night, and made mother get up and cook for him all there was in the house for our breakfast; but it didn't suit him, for he swore at her, then kicked the table over, broke all the things; then threw the bread and hash out of the window, because, he said, 'twasn't fit for the hogs; and then the baby cried, and mother took him up garret for fear father should beat him; so that she is poorly this morning, ma'am." And this answer told the whole story; an entire family wretched through the intemperance of the husband and father.

Betsey Peaslee was born and brought up in the country; her parents were poor, hard-working people, but correct in their principles and habits. When about seventeen, their daughter came to town for service, and made herself useful and was highly valued in two families of respectability. After a while she became acquainted with John Morrill, who was by trade a brick-maker, and doing a good business. Betsey, at his request, decided to become his wife, and soon they were married. John was dressy and fond of show, but had built a small house, and their prospects for comfort and happiness were promising. For several years things went on smoothly; one child after another came along to make them happier, and give new stimulus to effort;—for what does quicken parental energies, causing the heart to throb with more ardor, sending a vibratory thrill through every pulse and muscle, than the consciousness of a new trust to care for and to mold for eternity? But John did not take the right and Christian view of his duties and responsibilities; he had *never* been influenced by high Christian principles; he was supremely selfish, and felt it was hard he should be so encumbered; flagged under his duties, and was fairly open to temptation, indulging in a fault-finding, rebellious spirit, complaining of those very cares which might have been a source of the highest pleasure, and in undervaluing the *gifts* abusing the *Giver*.

His wife perceived a change was coming over him, and she fondly hoped by economy and good management, not only to encourage but convince her husband that their resources were equal to their wants; but she could not succeed. Self and and self-indulgence were uppermost with him; he had taken his cup moderately, feeling that it "did him good;" and when it became his turn to watch the kiln through the long nights while the bricks were burning, he doubled and quadrupled his allowance; and this he did not do with impunity, for the habit was becoming fixed. He was growing ill-natured, disobliging, laying his want of success to any and every cause but the right one, forgetful of every duty, his own self-respect, the calls of his wife and children, the claims of society and the demands of his God; forgetting all these, John Morrill became a confirmed drunkard. How insidious is sin in its advances! Let an individual only grant it the least license—let him tamper with it as though harmless—let him justify himself in its indulgence, and look about for arguments to sustain himself in this course—and how rapid will be his descent in society,—only perhaps one of the particles which constitute its dregs. But this is not all; if a husband and father, he does not go alone, he carries his family with him—for the iniquities of the father are sometimes visited upon the children. And this is not all; he carries with him a hardened conscience; he has cherished sin, and now it clings to him; and though made in the image of God, but a little lower than the angels, capable of equaling the highest order of intelligences in growth and knowledge, yet by a cherished course of sensual indulgence and sin, he has become its slave, till it hiteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

This was the case with John Morrill; he had cast off all restraint, and gone on from bad to worse. Returning from his revels, one comfort after another fell a sacrifice to his frenzy. The wife and children were cared for by the hand of charity. But nothing escaped his destructiveness; chairs and tables were burned in place of *firewood*, which he had neglected to provide; at length the stairs which led to the garret were demolished, and the children were obliged to climb up to bed by the bricks which projected from the chimney.

Such was the state of things in Mrs. Morrill's family at the time when the eighth child came to beg for milk. My sympathies were highly aroused by Timothy's account of their misery and many were the consultations to which I listened between my parents and some benevolent hearted neighbors as to what could be done for the Morrill family. The great point appeared to be to reform the husband and father; but this seemed hopeless, unless the grace of God should touch his heart. To human view he was utterly inaccessible to good and saving influences, as he was always in a state of inebriation. Temperance Societies, those bulwarks of strength which have in so many instances reclaimed the wandering and established the weak, had not at that period existed. The result of the various consultations was a decision to make the wife and children comfortable as far as possible, assist the mother in securing good places for the children as fast as they were old enough to leave her, make the younger ones decent to attend school, and advise the wife to bear her trials with all that meekness which Christ manifested under abuse and injuries. The assistance and advice were thankfully received by Mrs. Morrill, who, with the accumulations of adversity and sorrow heaped upon her, had not sank under it. In her case was verified the proverb that "man's extremity was God's opportunity." Her trials had driven her to a throne of grace. She had found God in Christ reconciling her to himself. She was enabled to make a personal application of those promises, so abundant and precious in the word of God, and so comforting to the sin-sick soul, and could say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Soon after this, she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and united with a branch of his church. Never will be forgotten the mildness and kindness with which, from this period, she spoke of her husband. Neither upbraidings nor censures escaped her lips. Though she was often the subject of his abuse and persecution, she bore it with Christian meekness. But she was not long thus to suffer. John's health and strength were failing under his excesses, and he became the victim of rapid consumption. Faithfully and tenderly did his wife nurse him, kindly she bore with his ill-humor, fervently and earnestly did she beg her Heavenly Father that an arrow of conviction for a life spent in sin and folly might reach his soul; but he seemed given over to hardness of heart. He maintained through his sickness an unwillingness to listen to prayer or conversation upon the subject of personal religion; and when the closing scene approached, that event which requires the preparation of a whole life to meet it aright, John was asked by a pious neighbor if he should pray with him; he replied, "It is too late—I cannot attend to it." The widow under this chastisement "held her peace." She felt and believed that God doeth all things well; that it was neither wise nor right for her to question the justice of his dealings. How true is it that the grace of God, taking root in a fruitful soil, will thrive, strengthened by God's word, and nurtured by prayer its growth will be rapid and vigorous. The seeds sown in time, often amidst adversity and sorrow, will bring forth ripe and mellow fruit in eternity. All of Mrs. M.'s children but the three younger ones had left her, and were employed in various families in town, most of them promising to make useful members of society. By the help of friends and her own efforts, Mrs. M. lived comfortably. One of her sons, who was apprenticed to a house-carpenter, in the intervals of work for his employer, patched up her dwelling, making it a protection from storm and cold. Fully did Mrs. M. realize the truth of the promise that her Maker was her husband, and the *widow's God* her portion. She was evidently growing in grace, and from day to day bringing forth the "peaceable fruits of righteousness."

At this period it was delightful and instructive to pass an evening with Mrs. M. How distinctly at this moment are painted on the mind's eye the little fireplace almost enclosed by an old-fashioned *settle*, the gift of charity, within which was a small stand supporting a well-worn Bible, a cup containing some oil, a piece of cotton cloth twisted hard with one end in the oil, and the other brought between the prongs of a broken fork, which rested across the edge of the cup, serving for a lamp; the widow with her three children, her knitting work, her countenance elevated, and peaceful by the consciousness of an indwelling God; and while she recounted the past, with delight would she linger on the special instances of unmerited goodness received from her Father's hand. Taught not by man's wisdom but by the Spirit of God, she delighted, in simplicity and earnestness, to impart those truths to others.

It is many years since the death of Mrs. Morrill. She was enabled to add her dying testimony to the sustaining power of Christian faith. But being dead she liveth in the memory of her children, and certainly in the memory of one who received from her lips those lessons in religious faith and practice, so powerful in their teachings; and she lives, we doubt not, at God's right hand, where we hope she will one day say, "Here, Lord, am I and the children thou hast given me."

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

For the Independent.

A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

It was a calm and beautiful evening—the last of 1851. The passengers of the Georgia were gathered on her deck, enjoying the soft tropical breeze, and gazing on the brilliant stars above. The preacher was there, on his way to a distant mission field. The ribald song had ceased, and a spell seemed laid on the tongue of the blasphemer, as men here and there were recounting in low tones the varying events of the old year, and hopes of the new. At length a hold, bad man broke that sweet, sad stillness by delivering to his companions a serio-comic sermon on the brevity of life and the transitory nature of all things earthly, and concluded by warning them to prepare to meet God, "for death was near, and some of them would not live to reach the land of promise, whither they were going." His words were received with shouts of laughter, and horrid oaths, but the preacher's heart sunk within him, as he remembered that "Saul also," and Balaam, were "among the prophets."

The old year went, the new year came. A week passed by and one of that profane circle was suddenly summoned into the presence of God; he went to bathe, and death claimed his own. Another day came, and another soul, without a moment's warning, entered eternity; he fell and broke his neck. It was in that dark city whither the preacher had gone to labor. Little thought he, as, fainting under the noon-day sun, he passed between the winding walls, and under the huge gateway that led into that ancient city, that in five short hours more, the corpse of one of his companions would follow him out through that same portal,—but so it was.

He stood by the open grave; crowded around were they who had made that voyage together. They stood uncovered, with rough beards, and garments torn and soiled by the rude path over which they had come, and they were very solemn while he reminded them of the fulfillment of that strange prophecy, and warned them that "though the angel of death had struck down two of their number already, his quiver was not yet empty, and some of them might leave their bodies under the billows of the vast Pacific."

They have passed on; *that* warning, too, may yet seem prophecy. J. R.

PANAMA, *Jan.* 14, 1852.

For the Independent.

THE EVENING STAR AT SEA.

BY J. MERRILL.

Bright gem of the evening! thy light o'er the wave
Seems fairer and lovelier than ever before;
Like an angel descending her pinions to lave
In the ocean of bliss on the Elysian shore.

How oft have I gazed on thee, fair evening star,
Till thy last ray has gleamed o'er the hills of the west,
But thy light on the wave is lovelier far,
To the lone child of ocean an emblem of rest.

But soon thou wilt sink in the dark, deep sea,
Night shadows will hang o'er its wild heaving tide,
And sainly we sigh, for no beacon like thee,
Will shine on our pathway to cheer or to guide.

Thus I've seen the bright visions of youth pass away,
With all its fond dreamings of worldly delight;
Thus pleasing and sad, like a soul breathing lay,
Awhile they entranced me, then fled from my sight.

How dark and how drear would this pilgrimage be,
When youth's golden day-dreams like shadows have fled,
If, tossed by the billow on life's raging sea,
No day-star arise o'er the realms of the dead.

But a day-star hath dawned in the darkling skies,
Mid tempest and darkness I saw it arise—
'Tis Bethlehem's Star that illumines the tomb,
To guide the lone pilgrim to heaven, his home.

Our Youth.

They are the delight of their parents, the joy of their friends, the hope of their country and of the world. Dangers encompass them, however, and snares are everywhere set for their feet. They are never safe, amid the workings of their own corruptions, and the allurements of ungodliness, unless their eye be turned to heaven, and their ear be open to the teachings of experience and of the Lord. Like a wretched Shelley he may even write himself "Atheist" among the most stupendous works of God. Let a taste for nature therefore be cherished, but let it not be divorced from the truths, the hopes, and the sanctions of the Christian revelation. This earth derives its chief importance from its connection with redemption by Christ Jesus. The Bible and Christian literature have over the face of nature grander and more lovely lights than those which stream upon her from the sun and stars. The works of Milton, Cowper, Watts and Wordsworth, may not only refine and exalt our taste for the glories of this visible world, but be made ministers to devotion; and as the Hebrews beheld on the Tabernacle of Jehovah jewels of gold borrowed from their Egyptian neighbors, so may we turn to pious and profitable use the beautiful descriptions of nature which embellish the writings of men, many of whom, it is to be feared, were themselves destitute of evangelical taste and sentiment. It is a wise and holy alchymy which thus transmutes base metals to gold.

There surely cannot be a higher wisdom than to see God in his works, nor a more sacred duty than to teach men to do so. The constant inculcation of this lesson is an eminent characteristic of the Bible. The Bible looks upon the world as God's world; it recognizes his hand and his counsel in all that he does or with high Providence permits to be done. The first truth which it reveals is, that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," thus destroying at a single stroke all false and fabulous cosmogonies, and placing the universal empire of God on an impregnable foundation. The Apostle declares that we cannot attain unto the adequate and fruitful knowledge of this great truth, save by the exercise of faith. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." The devout and believing reference of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them to God, as their Creator and Sovereign, is a distinguishing mark of a soul anointed with the unction of the Holy One, and imbued with the wisdom of the just.—*Biblical Repertory.*

How to soften a "Hard Field."

"It is a very hard field!" is a complaint very common among ministers, and there are indeed many "hard fields." If the unregenerate have "stony hearts," then all the fields which the Gospel plow has not already subdued, are not only "hard fields," but also covered all over with stones.

But, brother, if yours is a "hard field," remember that it is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost to "take away the stony heart out of their flesh," and the promise of the Holy Spirit is the easiest of access of all the promises: "Ask, and ye shall receive" it. "*How much more* shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

Have you been to God and earnestly *prayed* that he would wake up that stupid elder or deacon, whose worldly-mindedness grieves, and whose hardness of heart distresses you? And, then, have you taken your temporal "*life in your hand*," and with a fresh score of your own faults and imperfections, gone to him to tell him (in love) of his? If you have not, try it. Haply you will find before ever the agony of this service is over, that your "hard field" is softened by that influence which cometh "as the rain upon mown grass," and "maketh it soft with showers."—*Era.*

"I am Satisfied with my Day's Work."

A venerable office-bearer in the church recently deceased suddenly. In one of the social meetings held while his corpse awaited burial, frequent reference was made by his brethren to their loss of his consistent godly example as a means of warning to the unconverted, and of quickening and encouragement to Christians. One fellow office-bearer related the circumstances of a recent visitation of a district of the congregation. It was one in which the Lord seemed to prepare the way for their entrance into every family. Many were the occasions of affecting interest in course of one day's labor. Especially did they enjoy much Christian communion with some of the poor of God's people, and the hearts of these servants of God overflowed with grateful joy. As the day was closing, and they were separating, the deceased remarked, in reference to the day's labors and rewards, "Well, brother, I am satisfied with my day's work."

The narration, we thought, did not fail to make a deep impression on the solemn circle. "He was satisfied," we imagined each one said to himself. "Would he have said that if he had been selling flour all day? Can we say it, in view of our daily employments? Are we not depriving ourselves of much of the appointed rewards of Christian living, by refraining from such employments as brought our brother satisfaction!"—*Rel. Recorder.*

Help your Minister.

You are to help your minister by distinct efforts of your own to lead the impenitent to Christ. Not only are you to pray earnestly for them, to hold them as a burden upon your heart in communion with God, to feel that you cannot be denied them, to follow with supplications every public address to them, saying fervently, "Amen" to each appeal of a preached Gospel, but you are to go farther. You are to seek them out, to take hold of them, to converse with them, to deal faithfully with them, to be very kind, very urgent, very tender and very persevering. If you find one of them serious, you are to follow him up, to give him no rest,—like that devoted servant of God, Harlan Page—to keep on his track night and day, to allow the world no opportunity to get now hold, the feelings no time to subside, the seriousness no space for dissipation, to help the Spirit and the truth lead the soul into the kingdom.

In this way can you be if you will, and if God bless you, most effectual helpers of his servant and yours, who stands before you as your religious teacher and guide. Now not to go farther in specifying modes in which you may co-operate with your pastor and help on the cause of Christ, let me ask you as if addressing you one by one, what you say so far? Will you take up if you have not all these activities of serving God and advancing Christ's kingdom and glory?—*Congregationalist.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.—No. 2.

In copying from the *New York Evangelist* o last week the second of Mr. Abbott's pieces giving in the form most calculated to impress th public mind a just idea of the legitimate and n cessary working of the "Fillmore Act," we a sorry to be compelled to express our earnest al total dissent from the admission there mac that these things are a part of the "Compromises of the Constitution." The Constitution a human production, and therefore far from bei destitute of error and wrong; but God forbi that we should admit it to be chargeable wh any such enormity. May the Commonwealth of Massachusetts never prove so recreant as to alw the question to be tried by any other tribunal than her own courts on her own soil, whether "Boston boys, *born beneath the shadow of Faneil Hall*, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, are free or "slaves."

A SCENE IN BOSTON.

A colored girl, eighteen years of age, few years ago escaped from slavery at the Sth. Through scenes of adventure and peril, most more strange than fiction can create, she fled her way to Boston. She obtained employent, secured friends, and became a consistent mber of the Methodist church. She became rested in a very worthy young man of heown complexion, who was a member of the ame church. They were soon married. Their ime, though humble, was the abode of piety anconcontentment. Industrious, temperate, and frgal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed away. They had two little boys, on six and the other four years of age. These children the sons of a free father, but of a motherwh had been a slave, by the laws of our Southern States were doomed to their mother's fate These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Bosn and educated in the Boston free schools, were by the compromises of the Constitution adminte to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian putor. The Boston father had no right to hisown sons. The law, however, had long been conlered a dead letter. The Christian mother, ashe, morning and evening, bowed with her children in prayer, felt that they were safe fro the slave-hunter, surrounded as they were by the churches, the schools, and the free institutions of Massachusetts.

The Fugitive-Slave law was enacted, t revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A oung, healthy, energetic mother, with two fir boys, was a rich prize. She would make an cellent breeder. Good men began to say, "we must enforce this law: it is one of the compromises of the Constitution." Christian ministers began to preach, "the voice of law is the voice of God: there is no higher rule of duty." No one dared to befriend the fugitive and her children, even though wr take our sister from the sacramental table of our common Savior."

The poor woman was panic-stricken. Her friends gathered around her and tremb for her. Her husband was absent from ome, a seaman on board one of our Liverpool ackets. She was afraid to go out of doors, lest she from the South should see her, and recognize her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick and anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognized as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror she hastened home and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembly children were hid in the garret. In less than an hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest.

It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, dark, and tempestuous. At midnight her friend took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. A prayer-meeting had been appointed there, at that hour, in behalf of their suffering sister. A small group of stricken hearts were there assembled. They kneeled in prayer. The poor mother then humbled from her home, her husband far away upon the tempestuous sea, her children out of the reach of her fond embrace, her heart well nigh broken in the bitterness of her anguish, as though her heart would break. Her little children, trembling before a doom, the enormity of which they were incapable of appreciating, crouched and uncontrollably. The humble minister caught the contagion. His voice became inarticulate through emotion. Bowing his head, he ceased to pray, and yielded himself to the sobbings of sympathy and grief. The floods of anguish were unloosed. Groanings and lamentations filled the room. No one could pray. Before the Lord they could only weep. Other fugitives were there, trembling in view of a doom more dreadful to them than death.

After an hour of weeping, for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish, they took this Christian mother and her children, in a hack, and conveyed them to one of the Cunard steamers, which fortunately was to sail for Halifax, the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethren and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston to find his home desolate, his wife and his children exiles in a foreign land. These facts need no word-painting. I think that this narrative may be relied upon as accurate. I received the facts from the lips of one, a member of the church, who was present at that midnight "weeping meeting," before the Lord. Such is slavery in Boston, in the year 1852. Shade of Calhoun! Has the North nothing to do with Slavery?

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

BRUNSWICK, ME., Jan. 1852.

Idiots.

As early as 1844 two blind children were sent to the Institution for the blind, in Boston, who were found to be idiotic. This was worse than the case of the blind deaf-mutes, Laura Bridgman and O. Caswell, for in them intellect existed though buried. But the same genius and skill which liberated the intellect of Laura succeeded in calling forth that answered the purpose of intellect, to a most remarkable and happy extent in the two poor idiots. This experiment was the work of Dr. Howe, and its success induced him to turn his attention to the condition of *seeing* idiots. He caused an idiotic boy to be put under a regular course of training. His inquiries were continued till March, 1846, when he addressed a letter to a committee of the House of Representatives, strongly urging the establishment of a school by the State.

The Legislature appointed a Board of Commissioners, with Dr. Howe, for chairman, to gather information and report. Extensive and minute statistical inquiries were instituted, and a report made in March, 1847. Again in February, 1848, a further report embodying a very large amount of statistical information, and strongly urging the establishment of a State School, was made by Dr. Howe. At the same session the Legislature appropriated $25,000 for an experimental school for three years, committing the experiment to Dr. Howe. He organized he school, marked out its discipline, and employed Mr. Richards as teacher, but continued to superintend its affairs."

Carrier-boy's Address to the Patrons of the Montreal Witness, January 1, 1852.

There was a Hermit, once, who, in his cell,
Brooded upon one thought,—a glorious thought,—
Until it grew a burden far too great
To bear alone: Then, with a burning zeal,
As if the marrow in his bones were fire,
He sallied forth to give it utterance.
He told of Jesus' sepulcher, deified
And trodden under foot of Paynim foes,—
And at the tale, the deepest sympathies
Of all who named the name of Jesus burned.
He spoke, and kingdoms hung upon his lips;
He spoke, and nations kindled at his fire;
He spoke, and forth they rushed, one vast wild host,
Knowing nor where nor how they were to go;—
And in absorbing interest in the end—
Deliverance of Jehovah's chosen land—
Losing all thought of means. That Hermit's voice
Rang through three centuries, and changed the world.

Turn we to modern times. A prisoner, long
Immured amid Kuttayah's gloomy towers,
Brooded o'er one absorbing thought, and burned
For opportunity to give it vent.
Two mighty empires sought to keep him there,—
Two mightier empires sought to set him free.
Two principles contended o'er his fate,
As diverse as th' angelic foes who strove
On Pisgah, o'er the prophet's nameless grave.
He was a man, who, had he lived in times
When poetry was history, would have ta'en
His place among the stars—so vast the love
And reverence which his actions and his worth
Had gendered in his nation's heart of hearts.
He was a man who merit had dared and done;
Who had been trusted with power absolute,
And administration of a nation's wealth;
And yet who had no stain upon his name,
Of power abused, or wealth for self applied.
He was a man in whom, wisdom to guide,
Courage to fight, and eloquence to sway,
Were so compounded, that the world might see
On him the stamp of Heaven, for mighty ends.
Well: that same Providence that raised him up,
Could set him free from his captivity—
And forth he swooped, like eagle on the wing.
To rouse and join the freemen of the earth
In one great brotherhood of human right—
One common bond of active sympathy.

Denied a footing on chivalric France—
Chivalric now no more—he launched a bolt
That must have reached the nation's very soul,
And shamed the Tyrant, only great in name.

Landed on Albion's shores, his thrilling voice,
Albeit, in accents all unused before,
Broke up the fountains of that mighty deep—
A nation's sympathy—and forth it gushed,
A generous flood, on him and on his cause.

Nor paused he when a feat so vast as this
Had been achieved: but, as the fiery cross
Was wont to speed its way o'er Scotia's hills,
When clans were gathered for some great emprise,
So flew Kossuth to that Republic vast,
Of which all others would have made but States.
Wafted across the ocean's wide domain,
Which no Alliance, miscalled Holy, yet
Has paraveled out to petty tyrants—each
To tithe and toll at will,—he was received
By a free people with a shout so loud,
That that dark demon, southern Slavery,
Which ne'er before in Senate halls had veiled
His face audacious, quailed before the sound.
There, in the midst of that gigantic race—
Gigantic in its power and enterprise—
Hight Anglo-Saxon, stood that eastern man,
Towering above them all; proving that God
Hath made all nations of one blood, to dwell
As brethren on the face of all the earth.
And this, too, was the text of those appeals,—
Which sound as music from a higher world,
So vast their volume and so sweet their power,—
With which he plied a noble-hearted race,
Till every heart confessed his doctrine true,—
That nations were like men, a brotherhood,
And each should care for all, and all for each.

Thus far the mightiest movement of the age
Upon the surface of that drear abyss—
Fallen humanity; but what the end,
Is known alone to councils infinite.
That end, however, will be chronicled
By what is ever faithful to the times—
THE PRESS. And we from week to week will bring,
As is our wont, a portion of this tale,
Which you at fireside quietly may peruse.

The Coup d'Etat.

The English Correspondent of *Zion's Herald* says:—

"The fact of the success of this *coup d'etat* is most fearful. An entire nation is now crouching at the feet of this miserable despot. A few weeks ago this nation was speaking in the ears of Europe, by the voice of her senators in the highest style of eloquence, of statesmanship, and, in her best sons, of true and impassioned patriotism. Now every voice is as silent as the grave. The press of France sent forth daily upon the current of time, if not the most talented, certainly inferior to no other, essays, leading articles, speculations, and theories in politics, law, religion, philosophy, and in fact on all the subjects of thought, reflection, and knowledge—now this press is in fetters, and says nothing except just what the tyrant allows. The common speech of the people gave expression to the feelings, the passions, the hopes, the desires, and the praises and science of the nation—now even the man's finger is upon his lips, he laughs, he jokes, he satirizes, he lampoons, after the fashion of his race,—but he utters not the real sentiments of his heart. There lies in one huge heap, motionless, silent, dead, the mind, the soul, of the greatest nation of Europe, smitten down by the potent arm of one man. The first generals of the nation circumvented, out maneuvered, are now in the prison of Ham, once occupied by the President himself. The greatest statesmen, orators, and diplomatists belonging to the Assembly, and supported by the inviolability of being representatives of the people, made to bow, one and all, before the military force, sent to prison, proscribed or banished from the country. Every group of persons, however innocently or casually meeting, suspected, and liable to be sent to jail, transported, shot. Every house, every office, every chamber, every family in Paris, and all other places, exposed to the intrusions of the police. Are we describing reality, or are we dreaming? In fact this event seems taken out of the common course of earthly things: it is prodigiously difficult to realize it as a fact; it seems to belong to some one of those strange miraculous movements which we are sometimes permitted to see in the Old Testament history. And yet, here it is in all its sublimity of mystery and misery. The great French nation is no longer a nation; it is the patrimony, the inheritance, the purloined possession of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; he flogs, kicks, gags, imprisons, shoots thirty millions of men, just as it pleases him. And these men let him do it: they meekly place their necks in the noose: they lay themselves down at the footstool of this demigod: they kiss his bloody hand: they thank him, applaud him, congratulate him, send him their addresses, their adhesions—and for what? just for making himself their master, robbing them of their manhood, despoiling them of their freedom, and crushing their nation beneath his grinding despotism.

The Aged Poor.

Those who have been accustomed to visit, on a tour of mercy, the streets, and lanes, and garrets of a crowded population, can paint the contrast that there is between the dreariness of the winter of age, when destitute of the resources of true piety, and when lighted and cheered by the grace of the Gospel. The stare of vacancy is exchanged for the sparkling eye of Christian sensibility; the dark chambers of a darkened and perverted mind, are transformed into those hallowed abodes on which heaven has shed its selectest radiance. And did the sons and daughters of benevolence know the full value that is affixed in the catalogue of the pilgrim's comforts, to the weekly or the occasional call of Christian sympathy and love, the calls would be, we are persuaded, still more frequent, the hallowed intercourse still more endeared.

The season when, upon the brow
Are seen the scattered locks of snow,
Which speak of life's decline:
If grace has grown with growing years,
How beautiful old age appears,
How all the virtues shine.

A halo of celestial light,
All purely and serenely bright,
Surrounds the sacred head;
Pen may not sketch, nor fancy paint
The honors of the aged saint,
If wisdom's paths he tread.

Iron the Civilizer.

The Age of Gold and the Age of Bronze have given place to the Age of Iron. Iron is your true agent of civilization. So says Mr. Robert Stephenson, at Bangor. In sight of the Menai and Conway tubular bridges, he might feel justified in proclaiming this; though the saying might remind one of the "nothing like leather" maxim. Yet assuredly, iron is a great power in this present age. It is revolutionizing the world. The iron rail and the iron wires of the telegraph have already brought towns so near to each other that a country has now become as one vast city. And iron railroads are bringing countries nearer to each other, and are binding them into one common interest. We even hear of an iron bond of union between England and Calcutta—a railway stretching across Europe and Asia Minor, rendering the distance in point of time between London and Calcutta only one week! Nor is the proposal a mere chimera: it is a thing that will be realized, and in our day. Fourteen years will probably see the Calais and Calcutta trains running. Iron will form the road and iron locomotives the fiery horses, to bear the iron carriages freighted with their living loads, along the great highway of civilization. We have yet seen but the beginning of the gigantic power of railways. The next generation may see an extension of the Calais and Calcutta line to Pekin, across the centre of Asia. The New York and California Railway will then be "great fact;" for Yankees are no dreamers, but hard, practical, energetic workers: and Asa Whitney's scheme will not remain long upon paper only. But iron is also working away in other directions. Not to speak of iron bedsteads and iron drawing-room furniture, we have iron steam-ships, tubular bridges, iron viaducts, and iron light-houses. The Queen has just ordered an iron ball-room, to be constructed by Bellhouse, of Manchester, for her highland country-seat at Balmoral. Then, have we not seen the Iron and Crystal Palace of all nations? There was the iron house, also, built at Manchester, by Fairbairn, for the Sultan of Turkey. We shall have iron cottages and furniture of all kinds soon—iron boats, iron stools, and iron crockery. The uses of the metal are endless, and its supply almost inexhaustible.—*Eliza Cook's Journal for October.*

Effect of Monotony on Health.

In Dr. Draper's address to the Medical College, on the death of Dr. Pattison, he makes a few truthful and much needed remarks on a subject we have often thought of:

"No man for any length of time can pursue one vocation or one train of thought without mental injury—nay, I will go farther, without insanity. The constitution of the brain is such that it must have its time of repose. Periodicity is stamped upon it. Nor is it enough that it is awake and in action by day, and in the silence of the night obtains rest and repair: that same periodicity which belongs to it as a whole, belongs, too, to all its constituent parts. One portion of it cannot be called into incessant activity without a permanent injury ensuing. Its different regions, devoted to different functions, must have their separate times of rest. The excitement of one part must be coincident with a pause in the action of another. I do not think it possible for mental equilibrium to be maintained with one idea or one monotoneous mode of life. There is a necessity for men of great intellectual endowments, whose minds are often strained to the utmost, to fall back on other pursuits: and thus it will always be that one seeks refuge in the pleasures of quiet country life, another in the chase, another in foreign travel, another in social amusements. Nay, with all men, even those whose lot has been cast in a more lowly condition, whose hard destiny it is to spend their whole lives in pursuit of their daily bread, with one train of thought, and one unvarying course of events, what would become of them if it were not for such a principle as this? Men often say that their pleasures of religion, and of a Christian faith, are wholly prospective, and to be realized only in another world. In this they make a mistake; for those consolations commence even here, and temper the bitterness of fate. The virtuous laborer, though he may be ground down with the oppressions of his social condition, is not without his relief; at the anvil, the loom, or even at the bottom of the mine, he is leading a double existence—the miseries of the body find a contrast in the calm of the soul—the warfare without is compensated by the peace within—the dark night of life here serves only to brighten the glories of the prospect beyond. Hope is the daughter of despair. And thus a kind Providence so overrules events, that it matters not in what station we may be—wealthy or poor—intellectual or lowly—a refuge is always at hand, and the mind worn out with one thing turns to another, and its physical excitement is followed by physical repose."

Mazzini.

Of Mazzini's character and merits it is needless to speak, so universally are they known. As for his uprightness, it is sufficient to say that even his bitterest enemies have never impeached it. Of his abilities he has himself given proofs enough. He is about forty-five years of age, of middling hight, rather thin, of a dark complexion, and has brilliant and piercing black eyes. He is modest and straightforward in his manners, and most frugal in his habits. When triumvir, he made not the slightest change in his mode of living, he occupied the smallest, most retired, and least comfortable room in the palace, wherein the lowest official had a magnificent apartment. He dined at a restaurant for a shilling, had no servant, and in fact lived neither better nor worse than when he was an exile in London. He has but one fault with which his friends reproach him, and that is too great an inclination to believe every one as conscientious and noble minded as himself.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR consoles his disappointment under the Louis Napoleon infliction, by recurring to the old Greek fountain of song and the ever-enduring truth of true poetry, which remains truth spite of the tyranny of rulers or the folly of the people. He has written thus—

FABLE.

TO BE LEARNED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON.

There was a diver once, whose boast
Was that he brought up treasures lost,
However deep beneath the sea,
Of glossy-haired Peruvian dye.
To try him, people oft threw in
A silver cup, or gold zecchin.
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"
And you might see the metal shine
Between his lips or on his head,
While lazy Tethys lay abed,
And not a nereid round her head
The green pearl-spangled curtain stirred.
One day a tempting fiend threw down—
Where whirled the waves—a tinsel crown,
And said—

"Oh, diver! you who dive
Better than any man alive,
And see where other folks are blind,
And what all others miss can find—
You saw the glorious crown I threw
Into the whirlpool—now, can you
Recover it? Thus won, you may
Wear it—not once—but every day—
So may your sons."

Down, down he sprang—
A hundred nereids heard the clang,
And closed him round and held him fast—
The diver there had dived his last!

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—It is worthy of note, to what extent religion—false religion, and therefore the question between the true and the false, is mixed up with all political questions in Europe. The despotisms of Europe, having their cement in a religious despotism, now stand or fall with a false religion. And so they have identified their very being with it. Hence it becomes a great question with every government of Europe, what it will do, touching the religion of Christ, and the government of Christ. "And now the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against the Lord, and against his anointed. But he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision."

ROMANIZING FOLLY.—Blasphemy, as well as fatuity! to ask for any better interpreter of God's word than God, or to expect knowledge of it in any other way than the plainly ordered way: if any man will do, he shall know. But of all these fatalities, the basest is the being lured into the Romanist Church by the glitter of it, like larks into a trap by broken glass: to be blown into a change of religion by the whine of an organ-pipe, or stitched into a new creed by gold thread on priests' petticoats; jangled into a change of conscience by the chimes of a belfry. I know nothing in the shape of error so dark as this, no imbecility so absolute, no treachery so contemptible.—*Ruskin.*

SWIMMING.—The necessity of saving one's own life by swimming, or the opportunity of saving the lives of others, may happen to any one, and to many these things must often occur in the course of their lives.

At the burning of the steamboat Erie, on Lake Erie, of the one hundred or more persons lost, every one could have been saved had they been able to swim. The captain of the boat was indebted to a negro, who could swim, for an oar, which saved his life. In a hundred such melancholy disasters on our lakes, rivers, and the ocean, valuable lives might have been saved by a little pains in learning to swim.

THE BEEFSTEAK.—The following from Southey's "Gridiron," now first published in his Moirs, ought to be set to music for the Beefsteak Club:

Now the perfect steak prepare!
Now the appointed rites begin!
Cut it from the pinguid rump,
Not too thick, and not too thin;
Somewhat to the thick inclining,
Yet the thick and thin between.
That the gods, when they are dining,
May commend the golden mean.
Ne'er till now have they been blest
With a beefsteak, duly drest,
Ne'er till this auspicious morn,
When the gridiron was born.

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